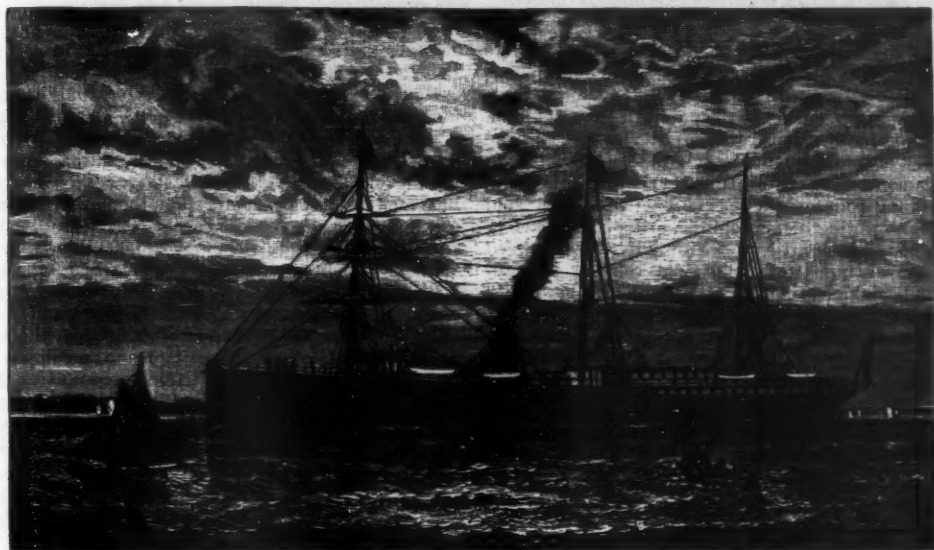


OUR CONTINENT

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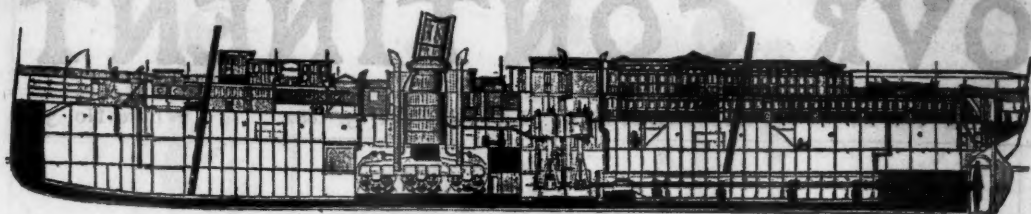
THE CITY OF PARA.

SHIPBUILDING ON THE DELAWARE.

ONE of the most important questions to-day before the country is how to revive a lost American industry, viz., the building of a marine service which shall be in keeping with the growth, corresponding to the wealth and commensurate with the standing of a people second to none among the foremost nations of the world. Time was when this branch of industry commanded recognition, not only on the part of individuals with large capital to invest, whose investments returned ten-fold reward, but also from the government. Time was when legislators encouraged the placing of capital where its development not only yielded national wealth on land but national supremacy on the ocean. But unfortunately practical interest in ships and shipbuilding has languished in this country for nearly twenty years. Problems of vital concern to the nation, it is urged, have usurped the place of shipping interests. Yet withal it must be confessed, after deliberate consideration, these problems have failed to lessen the importance of the question, and the sooner the fact is realized the sooner will the people realize that in ships, in shipbuilding and in the possession of an adequate marine service, lies one of the chief resources of national power and national prosperity.

There is no good reason why the ocean to-day and in the future should not be, as thirty years ago, the free and undisputed highway of American commerce and American seamanship. Thirty years ago American ships, out of a total ocean trade of \$433,000,000, carried \$316,000,000, whilst the foreigner took the remainder, or only \$117,000,000, as his portion. In thirty years the foreign trade of the United States has increased from something less than \$500,000,000 to more than \$1,500,000,000, but the foreigner has been carrying ten times the amount of American products that he carried in 1852. In these figures is a problem every thinking American should work out for his own satisfaction. The result of his investigation will convince him how his country has lost the control of the ocean, and as he ponders the problem he will be disposed to ask a reason, since his country in thirty years has developed beyond any other in ancient or modern times.

Notwithstanding the great decline of foreign trade in American bottoms, it is fortunate that it cannot be said that all the beacon lights of this industry have been extinguished, and that no faithful American hand still remains to keep burning the fire of enterprise and national activity. Last week the illustrations in OUR CONTI-



THE STEAMSHIP CITY OF AUGUSTA—FORE-AND-AFT SECTION.

NENT in the article on "The American Clyde" were evidence of what had been and was being done in one locality on the Delaware. This week the study is continued, and in presenting to the public the name of John Roach, a man is mentioned who may be justly styled the "Father" of iron shipbuilding in America. Whether in his office conversing with this man, in whose bright eye and beaming countenance speaks out the honest soul within; or, meeting him, as did the writer of this sketch, as he joined in pleasant banter with half-a-dozen ragged urchins, to whom he was giving small coin for pert answers and cunning "chin;" or, listening to his recital of what American talent and American industry might achieve on the ocean if properly recognized and supported; or, hearkening to his rugged eloquence before a Congressional committee—in any of these circumstances a stranger would certainly reach this conclusion—John Roach, besides his attractions of individuality and personal magnetism, has convictions backed by powerful reasons, and could he voice them to the whole American

strong arguments even when no answer can be made them.

But now to the work of the individual and his activity in behalf of American interests. The shipbuilding yard of John Roach & Son, at Chester, on the Delaware, has a frontage on the river of 2500 feet, with a depth from flowing stream to street of 1200 feet. At this writing 1400 men are employed, and when the pay-roll on Saturday night of each week is checked off, these 1400 men and their families are richer by \$15,000 than they were on the previous morning. In 1871, when John Roach & Son identified themselves with shipbuilding in Chester, the population was about 5000 inhabitants, whilst at present it is treble that number. From the laying down of a keel, which in its simple outline on the ways represents comparatively a trifling expenditure, to the complete outfit of a vessel like the *City of Peking*, or the *City of Tokio*, each costing considerably over a million dollars, this yard can do and has done everything in the shipbuilding service, has done it well and with more



THE YOSEMITE—FORE-AND-AFT SECTION.

people, success would at once crown the enterprise he so earnestly advocates for his country's prosperity on the ocean.

In this world of ours, however, and to-day, perhaps, more than ever, the voice of a private citizen is often regarded as merely the echo of a sentiment. But let a corporation speak, and even with weak arguments its voice is almost always sure to reach the public. Not unfrequently, if the individual is not accused of being shallow and narrow-minded, he is hounded as being selfish and working simply to enrich himself, and thus the multitude passes on its way, heedless of warning, and from lack of thought, is careless as to its welfare. So with the American shipbuilders of the Delaware in this year of grace, 1882. The public appreciates personally the home-workers whose unwearying efforts are directed to cultivate and protect home productions, home labor, wealth within the country; but the ideas of the workers are, and have been for a score of years, at variance with those of an influential class, and the interest of this class, supported from abroad, has been able to outweigh

profit to American labor and American capital than could have accrued had the work been done in Europe. The *Peking* and *Tokio* are sister ships, plying between San Francisco and China. They register each 5079 tons. The length over all of each ship is 419 feet; beam 47 feet 4 inches, with a depth of hold of 36 feet. They are supplied with double compound engines, have ten boilers 13 feet in diameter, 10 feet six inches long, and speed 17 knots an hour. In point of interior decoration and comforts, the like of which few modern houses enjoy, they equal, and in some respects excel, any vessels built for ocean passenger trade; and it is safe to say that it will be long before the *Peking* and *Tokio* are surpassed in anything that can add to the perfection of an ocean steamer.

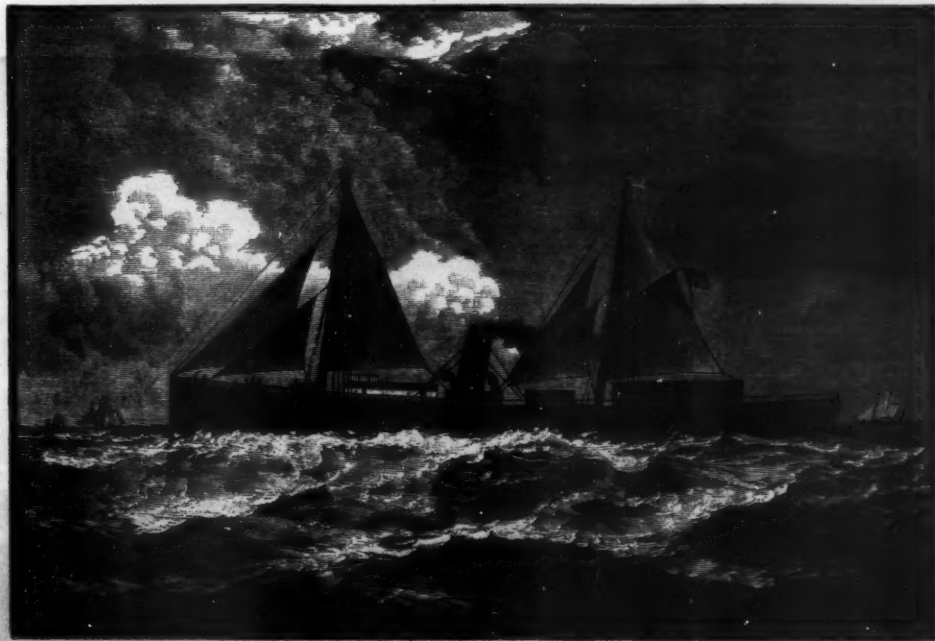
An interesting problem just here would be a comparison between these magnificent American ships and two of like tonnage and capacity built in England. The question would be, not so much whether their measurement and appointments were similar, but whether the American vessels did not realize more for the working-

man in America than did the English ships for his brother-workmen in the old country. Some figures in shipbuilding will serve the purpose almost as well as if we said *Servia* or *City of Rome*, though both these ships exceed in tonnage the *Peking* and *Tokio* and they are mentioned simply in illustration. In a shipyard, to build an iron ship, thirty-six classes of mechanics are employed and these handle the raw material after it is made into shape. Let them be divided, for brevity's sake, into five departments, viz: Shipyard department, with fourteen different grades of employment; steam-engine department, numbering seven grades; boiler department, seven; iron and brass foundry departments, four grades each. In the first department the highest wages paid go to the shipsmith and the lowest to the rivet boys. In the United States the shipsmith receives per week, \$15.95; in England, \$6.05; the rivet boy here gets \$3.30, and abroad \$1.69. In the steam department the draftsmen with us receives \$19.80; in England he has \$8.22. A helper in this department in this country gets \$8.80; in England and in Scotland \$3.87. In the boiler department in the United States a flange turner gets \$16.50; the same man abroad gets \$6.20. A loam moulder in the iron foundry here gets \$16.50; in England, \$6.50. Brass moulders with us receive \$14.30 and in England \$6.15. The total week's wages of thirty-six men in England would be \$192.60, while in the United States their wages would be \$406.01. In a shipyard, in good times, both here and in England, which might employ two thousand men, they would receive in that case with us \$22,540, and in England or on the Clyde only \$10,700. If the argument be advanced against these figures, that the workingman in the old country can live cheaper than can the American here, then, for further comparison, showing the superiority of American labor and American wealth over the cheap labor and the poverty of the English workingman's home, we direct atten-

tion to our working-classes with their thrifty homes, all paid for and comfortably furnished; we direct attention to the thousands of dollars saved by the working classes every year; to the amounts they not only deposit in bank, but send home to the old country to help their friends emigrate, or maintain them in a degree of comfort like that they themselves enjoy.

Among the many iron steamships built by John Roach & Son may be mentioned the *Newport*, of the Havana line, called the crack fast ship of the Atlantic coast, registering 2725 tons, and with a speed of sixteen knots an hour. The *Newport* measures over all 346 feet. Her breadth of beam is 38 feet 7 inches, with a depth of hold of 24 feet. She has compound engines, whose diameters are 48 and 90 inches, with a stroke of 54 inches. She has six boilers, 13 feet 7 inches in diameter and 11 feet long. Her accommodations are of the most improved and modern pattern. Every precaution has been taken to guard against fire and accident. In the season her state-rooms are taken almost a month in advance of her sailing days.

The *City of Para* and *Rio Janeiro*, formerly of the Brazilian line, now belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are sister ships. Each measures 368 feet 6 inches over all; beam, 38 feet 5 inches; hold, 28 feet 7 inches, with compound engines, 42½ and 74½ inches in diameter; stroke, 5 feet. Each ship has six boilers, 10 feet 6 inches long and 13 feet in diameter. The register of each is 2548 tons. They are considered very fast ships, and, when trading between New York and Brazil, fulfilled their contracts with the Brazilian Government always on time, beating the English lines sailing from New York and the old country. Besides, they formed an important link between the United States and Brazil and established immediate communication between the two countries, of which England alone, before their advent, had direct and full control.



THE NEWPORT.

The *Saratoga*, of the Havana fleet; the famous *City of Washington* and the *City of Augusta*, the former plying between New York and Havana and the last named between that city and Savannah, Ga. The *City of Washington* is the first ship on the ocean on which was ever adopted the private or separate dining-room table. River boats had gone into the fashion, it is true, and the Fall River boats led off in the commodious and much-desired plan, but, until introduced on the *Washington*, no ocean vessels had ever tried the experiment. The convenience and comforts on this ship between New York and Havana are said almost to equal Delmonico's in New York. The *Washington* is 325 feet long; beam, 38 feet; depth of hold, 27 feet 7 inches, and she speeds fifteen and a-half knots an hour. She has compound engines, Corliss valve motion. Her cylinders are 40 and 74 inches, with a stroke of 6 feet. She has two upright boilers, 18 feet in diameter and a total height of 20 feet 7 inches. She registers 2618 tons.

To follow up the different vessels which this firm has built would be to sail the coast from Maine to California; would be to go up and down the rivers, the lakes and inlets of the land, and pass in review everything in the shape of craft from a row-boat to the largest sailing and steam vessel known on the waters. One vessel, however, built by John Roach & Son, deserves, among the many, special mention, viz., the famous turtle-back yacht *Yosemite*, constructed for William Belden of New York. This "turtle-back" is said to be the only one of the kind in the country, and if she speeds as she did on her trial trip on the Delaware something over a year ago, twenty-two miles an hour, gentlemen of means and leisure who own fast yachts had better be looking to their craft and secure the aid of John Roach & Son to build them new types for speed. Yachts have been built in this country at a higher cost and with expectations of greater speed than the *Yosemite*. She is to-day the fastest sailing yacht in England or America; and if a test of her staunchness

is required, it need only be mentioned that a few weeks ago, while on the Hudson River near West Point, she cut a large steamer in twain, without herself sustaining the least injury. The collision was no fault of her owner, who might have proceeded on his cruise for all the injury his yacht had received, but chose to extend his aid and hospitality to the passengers and crew of the wrecked steamer.

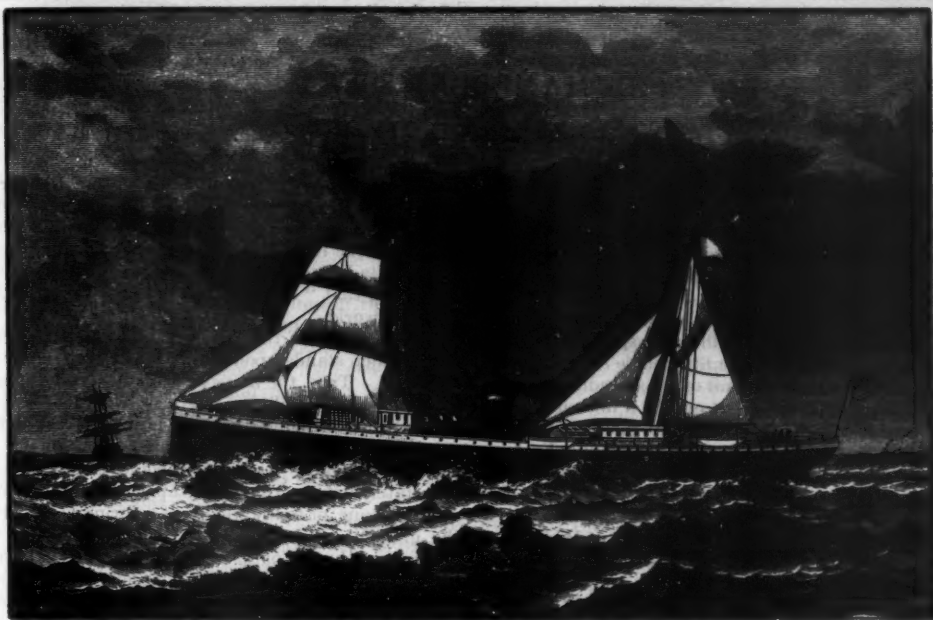
The *Yosemite* measures, over all, 197 feet 6 inches. Her beam is 23 feet 10 inches, with depth of hold 15 feet 10 inches. Her tonnage is 481, and she registers in her line A 1.

The last work undertaken by this firm has been the construction of the *Pilgrim*, a mammoth side-wheel steamer, to run from New York to Fall River, for a company of Boston capitalists, and said to be the largest side-wheel steamer in the world, surpassing in every particular the great floating palaces *Bristol* and *Providence*. A singular feature of this vessel is that she is built of two hulls, the outer containing the inner. She registers 3600 tons. Each paddle-wheel, without the shaft, weighs 85 tons. The engine can furnish 8000 horse power. The *Pilgrim* is 373 feet 8 inches over the load line and 386 feet over all. Her width is 50 feet beam and 88 feet 6 inches over the guard, with a depth of hold of 18½ feet. The measurement from the top of her dome to the base line is 60 feet. The inner shell is of the same consistency and strength as the outer. She has ninety-six water-tight compartments between hulls. This is the first double hull ever constructed for a steamer of this class. Some iron-clads have had them on a small scale, but the *Pilgrim* is much stronger in this respect than the famous British craft, the *Infexible*, lately so effective in the bombardment of Alexandria, Egypt. Gas and electric lights are used for illuminating the ship. In addition to 260 state-rooms she has 200 sleeping berths. She is equipped with ten Raymond life-boats and a sufficiency of life-rafts and preservers.

John Roach & Son also built the large ferry-boat *Gar-*



THE CITY OF PEKING.



THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

den City, plying between New York and Long Island city, East river.

Nearly one hundred iron ships have been constructed in their yard at Chester, Pennsylvania, and the total capacity in ships turned out represents 150,000 tons. The aim of John Roach in his life has been "independence, labor and native resources." These have made the man what he is, the best type of American

industry, helped by his own honest labor and free in the possession of the wealth of talent in himself. The principles in the life of this man will apply to his country and go far to secure her prosperity on the ocean. American independence, American labor and American resources may any day insure command and supremacy on the high seas. Let the nation employ them as they have been employed on the Delaware.

SHERIDAN HOOD.

A PAUSE.

ROUND the circling disk of twilight,
Soft the evening shadows fall,
And dim and dreamy memories
Answer the spirits' call.

Phantoms of folly and fancy,
Dull and dusty and gray,
Glide mocking over life's mirror,
Reflecting their little day.

Golden mornings of glory
Filled with an echo divine,
Spirit of mortal immortal,
Blending of fire and wine.

Love that outlives the ages,
Renews the life of the earth,
God-given gift of Venus
Arising at each new birth.

Lightning brought from Heaven,
To fire the soul of man,
To illumine the spirit of woman,
And fuse the two in one.

Mellow mists of moonlight
Melting in infinite calm,
Restful, silent, subduing,
Hushing all fear of harm.

Sacred silence of sorrow,
Tender, deep and still,
Shrouded, sheltered and guarded
By the watcher on the hill.

All these shades of memory,
Along the wave of time,
Drift o'er my restless vision,
In the harbor of the mind.

CORA RICE.

THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

A STORY OF MODERN EGYPT.

THERE are few more striking city landscapes in the whole of Africa, though there may be many handsomer, than the panorama of Cairo, where ancient and modern Mohammedanism stand represented side by side. As a mere picture, the traveler may perhaps give his preference to the towering red cliffs and terraced streets of Oran, the magnificent crescent of white houses surmounting the green sloping hills and sparkling waters of Algiers Bay, or the strange little eagle's nest of Constantinople perched on the summit of a perpendicular crag, and encircled on all sides but one by a hideous chasm five hundred feet in depth. But in its picturesque mingling of the past and the present, of quaint Eastern barbarism and jaunty Western civilization, Cairo stands alone.

It must be owned, however, that the late Khedive's efforts to make his capital a cheap edition of Paris have had anything but a satisfactory result. Moslem cities are as conservative as their inhabitants, and do not take kindly to the bustling, new-fangled notions of the west. The Shubra Gardens, indeed (which form the Park of Cairo), are a charming foil to the hot, dusty plain all around; and so, too, is the long avenue of date palms extending from the Nile almost to the point where the mighty crests of the Pyramids are seen looming against the rich tropical sky on the border of the everlasting desert. But there is a garish, offensive smartness about every street of the new "Ismailiyeh Quarter," with its tall white hotels and bride-cake-like villas, and inclosed grass-plots sorely in need of watering; and it is quite a relief to turn from this "made to order" town into the maze of dark, narrow, Oriental streets around the base of the citadel hill, where one may still see what the great city was in the days when she first received her Arabic title of "Al Kahira."

Here, indeed, you may take your fill of Eastern associations. You seem to be looking up from the bottom of a well at the bright summer sky, which is only visible as a little ribbon of burning light far overhead, between the flat, heavy-battlemented roofs of the strange old houses, with their blank, massive walls and deep tunnel-like doorways. All around you the quaint, old-world life of the "Arabian Nights" is in full swing. The gray-bearded barber is chatting to his Arab customer as he shaves his crown. The laden camel, striding up the narrow, rubbish-heaped street, almost tramples upon a turbaned loafer who is too lazy to get out of the way. The "kabobki" (seller of cooked meat) sets out upon the narrow board before him his little squares of smoking mutton, each impaled upon its own tiny spit. The deformed beggar extends the shapeless mass of sores which serves him as a hand, with a shrill petition for charity. The bare-limbed water carrier waddles past under his dripping bag of skin, eyed enviously by the tattered, dusty pilgrim from Mecca, who is looking round in search of a bath-house. The veiled woman glides noiselessly past in her shroud-like robe, like a risen corpse, while the gaunt, half-clad, wild-eyed dervish (religious devotee) stalks through the crowd yelling like a madman, and tossing his bare arms frantically in the air.

Amid such a scene, one would hardly be surprised to come upon Khojah Hassan, or Sindbad, the sailor, snugly

seated in a shady corner and recounting to a circle of admiring listeners one of those interminable stories which delighted the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid. Before you reach the foot of the winding path leading upward to the citadel you will be quite ready to assent to the old saying that "He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world."

But the gem of the whole panorama is the citadel itself, which stands upon a steep rocky bluff overlooking the town. True, the massive walls are fast crumbling to decay, and a military engineer would be anything but satisfied either with the condition of the defenses or with that of the guns mounted upon them. But the most resolute fault-finder could hardly object to the stately white front and tapering minarets of the great mosque, or to the wealth of coloring lavished upon the graceful columns and fretted cornices and deep, shadowy archways of its beautiful interior—a fit monument of the greatness of its founder, Mehemet Ali Pasha, the Napoleon of Egypt, who ruled the country with a rod of iron in the earlier part of the present century.

Beyond the mosque, in the outer angle of the fortress, and just at the point where the rocky face of the hill upon which it stands falls away into a sheer precipice, lies a spacious quadrangular court-yard, paved with broad flat stones and encircled by a quiet, shady colonnade, the back of which is formed by the ramparts themselves. As you enter this quadrangle, a gray-haired Arab, who seems to haunt it, tells you in a tone of sombre meaning that it is the Court of the Mamelukes.

The name recalls at once the half-forgotten details of one of the grandest and gloomiest tragedies of modern times, and, for any one who wishes to know what Egypt really is, it is worth while to look back and see what deeds were done in this quiet spot on a certain fine summer evening within the memory of men who are still alive.

The evening sun is just beginning to redden the bold ridges of the Mokattam Hills (which flank Cairo on the east) as a troop of horsemen, mounted on superb Arab coursers and arrayed in all the barbaric splendor of Eastern warriors, ride gallantly up the winding path leading to the gate of the citadel. All are stout and stalwart men, armed to the teeth, and seemingly quite ready to use their weapons at a moment's notice against either friend or foe.

These are the famous Egyptian Mamelukes, the hereditary aristocracy of the land, who once faced the best soldiers of Bonaparte himself beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, and from whose ranks came the renowned Sultans that formerly ruled all Egypt from the sea to the cataracts of the Nile. Proudly do they file in through the gloomy old gateway, rejoicing to think that even Mehemet Ali Pasha himself, the dreaded Governor of Lower Egypt, thinks it prudent to stand well with the Mamelukes and to bid them to a feast in his own citadel at Cairo.

Little do they dream what manner of feast it is to be. Mehemet Ali is not the man to let any one stand in his way, and these haughty chiefs, with their fierce courage and uncomfortable notions of independence, have long

been a burden to him. If he intends (as he does) to become absolute master of all Egypt, he or they must go; and he has already made up his mind which of the two it shall be.

In all their pride and splendor the doomed men march gallantly into the fatal court-yard whence they are never to return. The gate shuts unperceived behind them as they enter, while a crowd of obsequious servants press around them to aid in dismounting, tie up their horses and marshal "the noble chiefs" to their appointed places.

In the last glow of sunset (for this strange banquet-hall had no roof but the open sky) the well-spread tables and colored lamps, the crimson hangings of the encircling colonnade, the dark, handsome faces and rich dresses of the Mamelukes, made a goodly show. But, although most of the guests seemed in high good humor with everything, one scarred veteran, with a long gray beard hanging over his brawny chest, looked ominously grave and gloomy.

"What ails thee, Father Hassan?" asked a tall, handsome lad beside him. "Thy face is as dark as the peaks of the Mokattam before a storm!"

"I am but ill at ease, friend Said," answered the old warrior. "Last night I dreamed that a wild hare ran past me, and thou knowest what *that* forebodes."

Evidently Said *did* know, by the sudden clouding of his bright young face.

"Well said the wise man, that an enemy's gifts bring evil," pursued Hassan. "Mehemet Ali Pasha loves us not, and here, in his own stronghold, who knows what he may do?"

"Ha! think'st thou that the Pasha means treachery?" cried the young chief, with a fierce gleam in his large black eyes and a significant clutch of his jeweled sword hilt. "If it be so, let him beware! for he who beats the thicket for an antelope may chance to rouse a lion! But this is idle talk—he dares not!"

"He dares not," echoed three or four of the others, with a disdainful laugh: and the feast began.

Long and merrily did they revel; but just as their mirth was at its height, a shrill whistle, sharp and ominous as the scream of a vulture, pierced the still night air. Instantly the hangings of the colonnade fell, and from behind the pillars, with a flash and a roar like the outburst of a thunderstorm, a deadly volley of musketry came crashing among the revelers.

In a moment all was confusion. The betrayed Mamelukes sprang to their feet and grasped their swords and daggers; but what could these avail against the merciless bullets that hailed upon them without ceasing? Down they went, man on man, and among the first that fell was poor old Hassan, whose gloomy prophecy was but too truly fulfilled.

Yet even in this deadly peril, the brave young Said did not lose his presence of mind. At the first alarm he had sprung to his horse and untied it, but the outer gate was shut. There was only one chance left. As the howling murderers closed in to finish their work, Said spurred his horse and darted like an arrow through the doorway leading from the colonnade to the rampart that overhung the precipice.

An exulting yell broke from his enemies as they rushed after him, thinking that now they had him fast, hemmed in as he was between their leveled weapons and the fearful gulf beyond. But they little knew Said, the Mameluke. One defiant shout, one headlong bound forward into the empty air, and horse and man vanished into the fathomless depth of blackness below.

Even the savage soldiers turned away in horror from the sight of that desperate leap, little dreaming that their prey had escaped them after all. Yet so it was. The horse was killed, but the daring rider escaped with a broken limb to die long years after in a distant land, upon a far nobler battle-field!

DAVID KER.

THE NATIVITY.

WHERE art thou lingering, earth-embracing wire?

Men say that at swart Mammon's call, thou art
Swifter than thought, with thy Promethean fire
Around the world to play winged Mercury's part:

'Twixt dawn and sunset oftentimes half a score

Of messages from batteries hot I take,

But not a line from silent Baltimore

Thou bringest me to-day my thirst to slake.

Thou hast no pity in thine iron heart.

Within a darkened room lies one I love.

Ten times within the hour my pulse will start,

But thou art silent as the stars above.

But ho! come hither, lad. What dost thou say?—

A message from my vine-crowned Enderby?—

Now all my fears, like bats, have flown away,

And noontide brightness everywhere I see.

The sweet May-flower Elizabeth—first bride

Of Enderby, love-crowned—hath just become

A mother, gliding as the angels glide

From out the stillness of a curtained room,

Up to the highest pinnacle of joy—

Out of thick darkness into glory borne—

Thrilling with rapture that hath no alloy,

And beautiful as opal-tinted morn.

Oh mystery profound! Oh miracle sublime

Of love's omnipotent, creative power!

The past, the present, and all future time

Exist in this imperishable hour.

The rise and fall of empires, and the doom

Of unregenerate souls by false lights led,

Are softly whispered in thy chambered gloom

Whence heroes spring, by angels heralded.

Beat, drums! blow, bugles! brazen cymbals, sound!

Ye verdant fields, broad rivers, waving trees,

And many tinted flowers, glory crowned,

Fling all your banners to the balmy breeze!

Lift up your heads and clap your hands, Oh floods!

Dance, sunbeams, dance, above the ripening corn!

Rejoice, Oh birds, and crimson-penciled buds!—

"A man child unto us this day is born."

CHARLES REESE.

NESTING HABITS OF ORBWEAVING SPIDERS.*

THE spinning work of spiders may be classified as, first, the *snare*, spun for the capture of prey; second, the *enswathment*, by which insects are disarmed and prepared for food; third, the *gossamer*, used for purposes of

changes. In a succeeding paper I shall give some account of the first two kinds; the third has already been described (see *OUR CONTINENT*, Vol. II, No. 4), and the purpose of this article is to give a few observations concerning the fifth, the *nest*.

As a rule, the great groups of Orbweavers differ from each other and agree within themselves in the characteristic form of nest. The form prevailing in each family is substantially the same; each species appears to adhere quite steadily to one characteristic form; but there are some marked variations in the habit of certain species, the most decided of which have been observed in the case of the Furrow spider (*Epeira strix*). Some of these variations have been grouped in Fig. 1. They are curious and interesting in themselves, and also as illustrating the elasticity of habit which marks this familiar orb-weaver.

The Furrow spider, like many others, avails herself of small holes in wood or stone, openings in fences, the interspace between curled bark on the trunks of old trees, or some like cavity, which she appropriates as a nesting-place. The uppermost figure on the left is an example of this primitive domicile. The snare had been spun between a side of the Peace Fountain in Fairmount Park and the stone wall adjoining, and had been diverted from its normal shape in order to give a convenient approach thereto from the den. This den was a hole in the rock, and the occupant had bent a radius from the true plane of the orb and extended it backward to her cave. The radius served as a bridge-line by



FIG. 1.—GROUP OF ORBWEAVERS' NESTS.

aqueous or aerial locomotion; fourth, the *cocoon*, spun for the propagation and protection of the species, and fifth, the *nest*, which is a domicile more or less elaborate and permanent, within or under which the spider dwells for protection against enemies and weather

which the spider passed from den to snare.

The ordinary nest of the furrow spider when domiciled in the open field or wood is a rolled leaf. A single leaf is taken, the edge pulled up, drawn under and fastened by adhesive threads into a rude cylinder, within which the spider hides during the daytime. A thread connection with the foundation lines of the snare is maintained. This form is shown in the second figure

* The black and white cuts accompanying this paper are drawn by the author, and are designed to be scientifically accurate rather than pictorial or artistic.



FIG. 2.—CLOSE-WOVEN NEST OF FURROW SPIDER.

from the top, Fig. 1. The leafy tent next to this in the cut is a nest of the Insular spider, which will presently be referred to. The next two figures (on the right of the cut) and the one underneath (at the bottom of the cut) represent a series of variations noted on the side of Brush Mountain, at Bellwood, Pennsylvania. Several young pine trees had been cut away and tossed from the mountain to the banks of the Juniata river below. The foliage had withered and fallen from the boughs, whose branches stretched out dry and bare, and among them a brood of young furrow spiders had pitched their tents and spread their snares. One specimen had lodged at a point near the tip of a small branch whose delicate dry twigs gave no sufficient shelter, and besides, were directed upward. Accordingly, a silken tube, funnel-shaped, was spun between the twigs, within which young *Strix* nested. (See the top figure on the right.) A second individual, lodged in a similar site, had made a silken sack for a tent, whose mouth had apparently originally opened directly toward the snare. But a *Salitigrade* spider had fastened a parasitic tubular nest upon one side of this sack, and accordingly the mouth was found closed and the door shifted to the opposite side, as though to avoid interference with a troublesome neighbor. (See bottom figure, right hand of cut.)

Somewhat similar to these two, yet with marked variations, is the nest which *Strix* builds when she weaves her orb upon the exposed surfaces of human habitations, as the cornices of porches, out-houses, and the like. A tube of stiff silken fibre is spun against the surface to which it is lashed at all sides. (Fig. 2.) This cylinder is about an inch long and half an inch thick, and at the end toward the orb has a circular opening about a quarter of an inch in diameter. The stiff texture of the nest appears to be necessary to make the walls self-supporting, inasmuch as there are no supports like the twigs and leaves found at hand in arboreal sites. Moreover, the open position of the domicile exposes the spider very freely to the assaults of mud-daubing wasps who frequent such localities, to birds and other ene-

mies, so that a canvas is needed of tougher texture than that required in sheltered sites. In old buildings, which present cracks and crannies convenient for nesting, woven nests of this sort will rarely be found; for the practical and economic side of Miss Arachne's nature quite preponderates the esthetic.

Two of the above colony had established nests in tufts of a parasitic moss fastened upon the dead limbs. One of these was very pretty and ingenious. (See figure at bottom of cut, Fig. 1.) The moss grew in a bunch about the size of a hickory-nut; this was pierced at the top, and the filaments pushed aside sufficiently to allow an interior cavity large enough to house a spider. An



FIG. 3.—LEAF TENT OF THE INSULAR SPIDER.



FIG. 4.—SAWDUST NEST OF FURROW SPIDER.

oval door or opening was formed near the top by bending and binding back the fibres of the plant. A secure and tasteful retreat was thus obtained at the only really available spot in the vicinity of the snare.

Another variation in nest-form observed was due to an accident in the environment of the web. A half-grown strix had woven a snare in the hollow of a decayed tree at New Lisbon, Ohio, within two feet of the ground. A colony of the Pennsylvania Carpenter Ant (*Camponotus pennsylvanicus*) had quarters in the tree, and squads of black workers were busy excavating their wooden galleries. These dumped their chippings from openings just above the spider's orb, whose viscid spirals retained goodly quantities of the brown sawdust. In course of time, a ball of chippings as big as a walnut had accumulated, or perhaps, had been purposely massed by the spider. However that may be, the ball was utilized as a nest; its centre had been pierced, a spherical cavity formed by silk-lining the interior, which was entered by a circular door bound around the edge by spinning-work. This quaint domicile was pendant from one of the strong upper foundation lines, and herein *Strix* rested, while the Emmet Carpenters worked away above her, continually dropping chips upon the roof of her den and the orb beneath until one side of the snare was quite covered with them. (Fig. 4.)

Among our native orbweavers the habit of nesting in rolled leaves, or in tents composed of several leaves, is, perhaps, most decided in the Insular spider (*Epeira insularis*). This is one of the longest of our common species, and the bright yellow foliated spots upon the back, and the dark-brown rings upon the orange-colored legs, distinguish her as also one of the most beautiful.

Insularis domiciles in shrubs, bushes and bushy trees. Her nest is located above and to one side of her snare, and is a series of leaves drawn together and tied as in the middle figure of the cut (Fig. 1), or a single leaf rolled up and tied, as shown in the figure just above and to the left of the last named. The leaves are commonly spoken of as "sewed," but they are really held together by short threads drawn across the edges, both within and without, where they meet. (See in Fig. 1.)

The Cluster Leaf-nest sometimes takes the form of Fig. 3. This was made in a clump of weeds and tall grass, whose stalks, leaves and blossoms were so woven

together as to form the "Liberty Cap" domicile here figured. The lower and open part of the tent was quite delicately spun of right lines that united and held in place the graceful foliage of the grasses. Within the crown of this dainty nest the spider was ensconced, holding by the fore feet to the taut trap-line that joined the snare at the hub or centre. While the Insular spider decidedly prefers the style of nest just described, she is quite able, when occasion requires, to find a substitute for the sheltering leaf-fibre in the silken fabric, which her industry provides, and spin a tubular tent, as shown in the pretty bell-shaped nest woven among the needle-like leaves of a pine tree at Fig. 5.



FIG. 5.—WOVEN LEAFNEST OF INSULAR SPIDER.

A little different form of this type of nest appears at Fig. 6, the open woven nest of the Domicile spider (*Epeira domiciliorum*). This silken den was spun upon a cottage porch at Cape May. The outer part of the nest was wrought of open-line work, and was supported by silken guys hung upon thick foundation lines, or directly attached to the surface. The inner (upper) part was closely woven, and thus afforded protection to the spider, who rested within, and particularly to the soft abdomen, which is the most vulnerable and least defensible portion of the body, and which, as it occupies the



FIG. 6.—NEST OF DOMICILE SPIDER.



FIG. 7.—NEST OF *EPEIRA THADDEUS*.

topmost part of the tent, is, of course, most protected from assaults of raiding hymenoptera.

Still another nest-form is shown at Fig. 7, the beautiful silken cylinder, in which *Epeira thaddeus* is often found nested. Quite different from all the above is the nest of the beautiful Hunchback spider (*Epeira gibberosa*), which swings a hammock-shaped nest of meshed lines between the inner sides of a leaf, or of two leaves (Fig. 8), upon which she hangs, back

downward, holding to the taut trap-line that communicates with her snare, which is a horizontal one, not vertical, like the orbs of all the species heretofore mentioned. This trap-line is the "telegraphic wire" by which the vibrations of the snare, caused by trapped insects, are communicated to the spider on guard within the tent, and which informs her that the commissary department has been once more supplied.

From the above examples it will be seen that the nesting habit of Orbweavers has general regard to protection of the spider's person; moreover, that there is modification over a quite wide degree of variation in the form of the protective nest. Further, that this modification appears to be regulated, more or less, by the accidental environment of the domicile, and in such wise as to show no small degree of intelligence in adapting the ordinary spinning habit to various circumstances and to economizing labor and material.

HENRY C. MCCOOK.



FIG. 8.—HAMMOCK NEST OF THE HUNCHBACK SPIDER.

CHRISTIANA.

"THE young man is a son of our old neighbor, Reinhardt? It is strange to hear the name once more. It is many years since he died—in his early youth."

"Yes, farmer," said Klaus, taking his pipe from his mouth. "And the son is now a fine lad of twenty—nay, he must be nearer thirty—scarcely a lad. How the time flies! Bartel (so he is called) has been away since his childhood. He is now a guide in the Tyrol, one of the best, they say; and he is spending a few days only in his native village. Old times—old friends, neighbor! Let me bring the young man to you that he may drink a mug of beer with his father's friend?"

"Surely, surely!" Farmer Heinrich answered cordially. "For his father's sake, surely, even were it not that you ask it."

"He is at the inn. I will fetch him presently."

"Fetch him this moment, friend Klaus. We celebrate to-day the birthday of my wife. We have never missed it since she died. Christel will cook our dinner in the woods—the children are preparing for it now, and you will join us."

"What a mother is Christiana to them! Would that I had such a daughter! You have her and the little ones and the dear memory of Gretel, whilst I . . . wifeless, childless . . . Ah! well, and now I play the father to my young friend Bartel." He turned to go. "In ten minutes, farmer, we shall be here. Hungry! Scarcely yet; we shall await the wood-dinner—but thirsty, trust me, neighbor, thirsty!"

Heinrich gave a slow, contented laugh.

"We shall quench our thirst," he said, as he went into the house.

A noise of little voices greeted him.

"Dear papa, look at my pinafore that Christel has made for me!"

"Good papa, Christel has made my hair curl to sur-

prise thee. All night I could not sleep for the papers that stuck!"

"Hush! thou silly one. Do not talk of the trouble that a pleasure has cost. Look, best papa! Of thy worn-out coat Christel has made me this beautiful jacket—thou wouldst not know it."

"My hair will curl, and I cannot help it," the youngest, Gottlieb, said. "And I needed no jacket or pinafore, for mine are good, but Christel has given me a sugar-cake, and here is a piece I have saved for the all-loved papa. It is a little soft, but thou wilt not care? I have held it in my hand so long whilst Herr Klaus talked, but it is so good!"

"And where is Christel?" Heinrich asked, as he put the crumbled cake in his mouth, and kissed the sticky lips of the donor.

"She is packing the basket for the feast," the children said. "Dost thou want her? Let us call her. Christel! Dear Christel! The father wishes to speak with thee."

The door between the rooms opened, and Christiana came in, drying her plump, rough hands on a large towel.

Heinrich looked proudly at the little figure in its short stuff gown, with the long white apron and great bunch of keys.

"Little daughter," he said, "neighbor Klaus will bring a friend to our feast to-day, young Bartel Reinhardt, and before we start thou shalt draw us some beer."

"Yes, dear father," Christel said. "I will go now for it."

"Wait!" said her father. "They are at the door. Come in, come in, friends! Friend Bartel, I may call you, who was your father's friend." He shook the young man warmly by the hand. "If you had but spent your life in your native village, instead of wandering in

far mountains, you would have already known my daughter Christiana. Christel, this young man is the son of an old neighbor—thou dost not remember him."

Bartel glanced at the girl, who was looking down at her keys shyly.

"I meet you to-day, Fraulein," he said. "It gives me much joy." He was quite a man of the world, this Tyrolese guide, who had talked with so many travelers and seen so much of their foreign ways.

Christel said nothing. She knew of no reply to such a speech. She could have made his shirts or mended his coat or bandaged a wounded arm or doctored a simple ailment with herbs from her herb closet, but to answer a young man who said, "I meet you; it gives me joy!"—it was something so unaccustomed that it silenced her completely.

But after that brief remark Bartel was silent also. The beer was brought and Christel filled the mugs, and they drank many healths, but not hers. The three men were not talkative. They found a deep satisfaction in listening to the gurgling of the cool beer and in watching the lazy rings of smoke, and Christiana went away to finish the preparations for the day's feast and to assign their various duties to the children, who had been sent to the kitchen. She had no time to stop after she had brought the beer.

All the little voices began again at her entrance.

"Sister, is the stranger to eat our feast with us?"

"Christel, he is much more beautiful than Herr Klaus. His eyes shine so!"

"And his beard is so thick, not like the Herr Pastor's, all thin and an ugly color. Tell me, little sister, didst thou ever see a prettier beard?"

"I should like to pull it—very gently," Gottlieb observed, in a meditative tone.

"You silly children!" Christiana cried, laughing.

"You shall not talk any more about such things! You shall make ready for work. Thou, Liesel, shalt carry the coffee-pail, and Hans the eggs, if he will be very careful not to break them, as he did last year."

"What may I carry, Christel?" Gottlieb asked. "Ludwig has taken the small basket."

"Thou shalt help me carry the large one, heart's dearest," Christel answered. "A little four-year-old boy is too small to carry anything alone."

"Ach!" said little Gottlieb with a sigh. "Were I only bigger! Though, indeed, dear Christel, I could carry the coffee-pail even now—if there were no coffee in it."

"Thou willing brother!" the children exclaimed, falling on him in a body, and half smothering him with kisses.

"Christel, is it not time to start? Listen! the father calls us; and the stranger is already at the door. I can see from the window. Thou dear, good sister! How pretty thou art to-day! Thy cheeks are not always so red."

You see they did not understand that the exertion of preparing for a birthday feast was a sufficient reason for Christiana's rosy face.

Bartel looked at her as she walked sedately along in the midst of the childish group.

"How good she is!" he thought. "How they love her! And it is not strange."

Beside him Klaus and Heinrich were talking of the crops, of the village gossip, of the delights and perils of travel. Klaus being a bachelor, and thus enjoying full liberty, had once made a visit to Munich.

"One does not think of the size of the world," he was saying, "until he is in a great city. There the

people are so many that they crowd one's breath out. Bartel, you must see many people in your work?"

"Oh, yes," the young man said. "There is much traveling amongst the mountains. A guide has little time to himself."

"You like the work?" Heinrich asked. "It must be more or less dangerous."

"The danger is the pleasure of it for me," Reinhardt answered, his face lighting up. "Yet with care the peril is but small. Once in a while, if one tries a precipice path by night, or if one is overtaken by a storm . . . Ah, well! death comes to all, sooner or later."

"Yes, sooner or later," Heinrich repeated gravely. He was thinking of his dead. Bartel's eyes wandered again to the children and Christel. They were in the heart of the forest now, and presently a joyful shout rang out.

"Here is the place! Here we are! Ach! how tired are my arms with carrying the pail so steadily."

"And mine with the basket, for it is as heavy as if it were ten times its size."

"It is not the weight of the eggs," said Hans, with a long sigh, as he deposited his burden on the soft moss at the foot of a tree. "It is the terrible anxiety lest they should get broken."

"Thou hast been a good, careful boy to-day," said Christel, putting down her own heavy basket and giving a gentle pull to the new jacket, which was a little awry.

"Now, who will find sticks for the fire? Ludwig, thou shalt get some dry moss, and Hans and Liesel shall fetch the twigs and branches. Hasten, for it is almost noon, and the father and our friends will be hungry."

Gottlieb had wandered away to where Bartel stood, a little apart from Klaus and Heinrich, and at some distance from Christiana, who was too much occupied in unpacking the baskets to look up from her work after she had seen that the child was safe. And stooping brings the blood so hotly to one's face. Poor little Christel!

"I like you," Gottlieb said, reaching his hand up into Bartel's. "Will you not come to every birthday feast with us?"

"I am not always here," Reinhardt answered, seating himself and drawing the boy toward him. "But I will come to any feast when I am here. Do you celebrate all the birthdays with a wood-feast?"

"No," said Gottlieb, with a serious air. "Only the dead mother's—she is dead, but yet she is alive. I cannot understand it, but Christel says it is so, and she knows. She could explain it to you. We have no mother here—the dear God has taken her into the blue skies. But at night, when the stars shine, out of one of them the mother looks down at us and sees if we are good, and we kiss our hands to our mother-star whenever it shines; we kiss our hands and say, 'We greet thee!' Christel taught us to do it. She is our little mother now."

"Thou dost love her very much, this sister Christel?" Bartel asked.

"Oh! yes. Such a dear Christel! Look now at her. Is she not dear, with so rosy a face and a smile so sweet? You have also a rosy face," the child added, lifting a fat finger tentatively toward the admired beard. Reinhardt's cheeks indeed showed a bright flush through the tanned skin. I do not know how it was that Christel suddenly called:

"Gottlieb, come here! Thou must help me a little." And in a moment the other children came running with the moss and twigs, and the men built a great fire, over which Christel proceeded to cook the dinner. It was

not long cooking, and when it was ready they all sat down on the moss to enjoy it. Gottlieb had returned to his post by Reinhardt and Liesel had followed him.

How cool it was; how grateful the forest air, and how fragrant the spicy forest odors! There were wild flowers all about, and aromatic shrubs. But the children thought black bread and liver-sausage far better than flowers and fragrance. The little mouths were so full that the little tongues were perforce hushed. There were three groups, a little separated; Klaus and Heinrich; then Christiana with Hans and Ludwig; then Bartel with the other two children. An exclamation burst presently from the farther group.

"Donnerwetter!" cried Klaus. "I have burned my tongue with this so delicious coffee!"

"Dost thou hear, Liesel?" Gottlieb asked. "Herr Klaus has said 'Donnerwetter.' Christel has told me it is wicked to say."

"He says it because he is not married," Leisel explained, with much gravity. "It is very bad for a man not to be married. He falls into such habits! . . . the Frau Pastoria has told me."

"But I am not married, either," Gottlieb rejoined, after a pause. "I might then say it, too."

"Thou silly child!" exclaimed the older Liesel. "Thou art but a baby! And besides, dost thou not believe that Christel knows all that we must do, and all that we must not do, also?"

"Ach, yes," said Gottlieb contentedly, and then turning to Bartel he added: "You do not say it, so I will not, even when I am a man and not married."

Reinhardt could scarcely help laughing at the idea of being made a model for youth. There were various expressions of stronger import than Klaus' simple-hearted outbreak, which occurred to him as neither unusual nor unaccustomed. They relieved the mind on occasion of a stumble on a rough road or in the case of refractory beasts. Christiana, it seemed, disapproved of the unobtrusive "Donnerwetter."

"What a good little girl she is," he thought. He had known many; the black-eyed, saucy young women who sold carvings and pictures to the tourists; the daughters and sisters of the other guides, good climbers all of them, and of the utmost independence; he even knew a very pretty girl who danced at a small theatre in one of the minor Bavarian towns; but Christiana, so simple, so loving, thinking only of the care and comfort of the children, chased these figures away as if she had been the sun and they mists. And as yet he had only spoken to her once.

But on the way home he walked beside her, carrying the weary Gottlieb, and he made several not very noteworthy remarks. He said that the walk through the woods at sunset was very beautiful; he asked if she ever went out in the evening; perhaps she sometimes took the children for a stroll; he said, oh, no, that Gottlieb was not at all heavy, and that he was a dear child, and how fond he was of his sister Christiana, and how happy a thing affection was, and that he (Bartel) had no kindred, but was alone in the world; and these remarks being interspersed with rather long pauses, broken only by Gottlieb's calm, infantile snoring. At their end Farmer Heinrich's house was reached and the sleepy children were marshaled in-doors by Christel.

"Come often and drink a mug of beer with me, friend Bartel," the farmer said at parting. "Christel will draw it for us at any hour."

Reinhardt replied with a good deal of cordiality to the worthy man's hospitable invitation as he said "Good-night" and went off with Klaus to the inn.

Christel drew the beer the next morning. Bartel came to talk over the crops with the farmer and to bring much interesting information in regard to the different growths of other portions of the country. He came the following afternoon, at Heinrich's request, to fetch a walking-stick which he had himself cut, and mounted with a chamois' hoof. Christiana drew the beer and then went to look to the children, the garden, the dinner, the housework. Such a busy little girl! The farmer said warmly:

"It is long since I have met such a young man, friend Bartel. You stay here but a week. I pray you come every afternoon, if you have time, that I may have the pleasure of talking with you, and drinking with you. You drink well, my friend."

Reinhardt used to come, accordingly, about three o'clock each day and sit for an hour or so on the porch. To Christel, bringing the beer, he said, "Good-day, Fraulein," and she responded, "Good-day, Herr Reinhardt," and went away.

But the night after the birthday feast, as she was carrying a pail of milk across the fields to a neighbor (the children being safe in bed), Bartel had overtaken her and had walked the greater part of the way with her. "Fraulein Christiana," he had called her. The next night he had come through the garden where she was looking at her lettuce beds, and had whispered for an hour to Fraulein Christel. And two nights later—Heinrich being gone to the inn at Klaus' invitation—he came to the porch where the girl was sitting thinking—of what, I wonder? He began to tell her of his work, of its weariness, of its loneliness, of its danger. At the last word Christel drew a little nearer to him.

"You fear for me?" he asked. He put his arm about her to re-assure her. "Little Christel," he said, "may I tell thee something? I love thee so dearly. It is so lonely in the mountains; I have no home; wilt thou not come and make one for me?"

Christiana's crimson cheek was so close to his rough, weather-beaten face.

"Thou art so gentle with the children; thou art so good to them. Thou wilt be kind to me?"

"Ach!" she said. "How can I leave the little ones? Liesel, who is oldest, is but eleven."

"But I will wait!" cried Bartel. "May I wait, my dear one?"

"In five years," said Christel simply, "she might take the care. If you would be willing?"

"If you would be willing?"

"If thou wouldst be willing," she repeated, her face aflame even under the pallor-lending moonlight.

Reinhardt caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"I will wait for thee as long as thou wilt," he said.

"Thou wilt wait so long for me? Thou wilt not weary?"

"I cannot weary of such waiting," she answered, looking up at him with her clear, trusting eyes. "And five years is so short a time. But as yet we shall say nothing about it. It would, perhaps, trouble the father to think of my leaving him."

"It shall be so, then, if thou wilt," Reinhardt answered. Then he kissed her once more.

And the next day he came to talk with the farmer, and Christiana brought the beer, and he said, "Good-day, Fraulein," to which she replied, "Good-day, Herr Reinhardt," and went away to the children. In a week he had gone.

Oh! how happy Christiana was! The children could not love her enough.

"Thou sweetest sister," they said, "thou art more and more kind to us. Thou art truly an earth-angel." Heinrich said tenderly: "My little daughter is more willing every day."

And Klaus: "Christel is a girl in a thousand. Would that I had such a daughter!"

Christiana was saying: "In five years. So short a time! Why, it is already three months since he went away." At twenty, time does not loiter.

She received no word from Reinhardt. It would have attracted too much notice had he written to her; and, in truth, his hands were more accustomed to managing a mountain-staff than a pen. But Klaus had taken another of his journeys and had brought the news that Reinhardt was doing well and had sent many remembrances.

So the winter passed by, and the spring and summer, and in the autumn the roving Klaus set forth again on his travels.

Christiana was standing beside her father on the porch when, late one afternoon, they saw his short figure coming toward them.

"Greetings, neighbor!" the farmer called out, as he drew near. "What tidings bring you?"

"Sad news, farmer, sad news," Klaus answered. "Young Bartel is dead. He fell from a cliff a month ago and was killed instantly."

"So," said the farmer gravely. "A fine, promising young man. Thou hast not forgotten him, Christel? He went with us to our birthday feast. His parents are happily dead. He leaves no one to mourn for him. It is well. It would otherwise be a terrible sorrow for some heart."

"Christel! Christel! little mother!" the children called from within. "We are so hungry and the supper is waiting. Wilt thou not come in and cut us some bread?"

She turned and went in the house. The brothers and sister were already seated, and the loaf stood on the table. She took up the broad knife and began to cut a slice.

"How long is life!" she said with a sigh that was almost a sob. She looked at the little eager, trusting faces. "And I have yet much to do," she added.

ELLA HEATH.

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

NO. XVI.

"THE question of getting up stairs," said Jack, as they continued the study of the one-story plan, "is at least an interesting one. It seems to be accepted as a foregone conclusion that modern dwelling houses, even in the country, where the cost of the land actually covered by the house is of no consequence, must be two stories at least above the basement; but I doubt whether this principle in the evolution of domestic habitations is well established. Between the aboriginal wigwam, whose first and only floor is the bare earth itself, and the 'high-basement-four-story-and-French-roof' style, there is somewhere the happy medium which our blessed posterity—blessed in having had such wise ancestors—will universally adopt as the fittest survivor of our uncounted fashions. I fancy it will be much nearer to this one-story house, with the high basement and big attic, than to the seven-story mansard with sub-cellar for fuel and furnace. Still the tendency during the last fifty years has been upward. Our grandfathers preferred to sleep on the ground floor; we should expect to be carried off by burglars or malaria if we ventured to close our eyes within ten feet of the ground. Our city cousins like to be two or three times as high. Under these circumstances building a one-story house would be likely to prove a flying—not in the face of Providence, but, what is reckoned more dangerous and discreditable—flying in the face of custom. Humility isn't popular in the matter of house building."

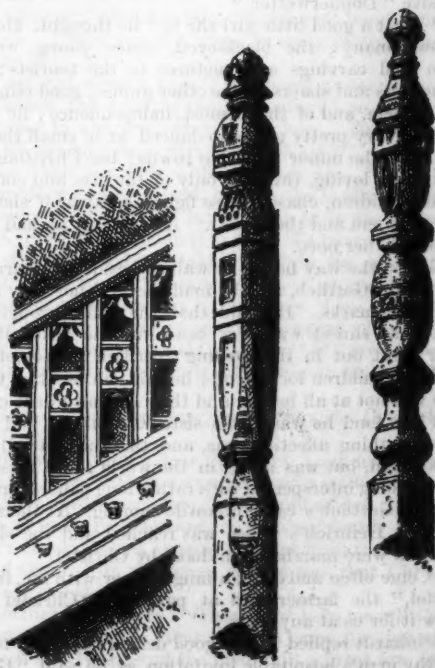
"I am not afraid of custom, and have no objection to a reasonable humility," said Jill, "but I never once thought of burglars. If a house has but one floor I think that should be so far from the ground as to be practically a 'second' floor. The main point is to have all the family rooms on one level."

"That is, a 'flat.'"

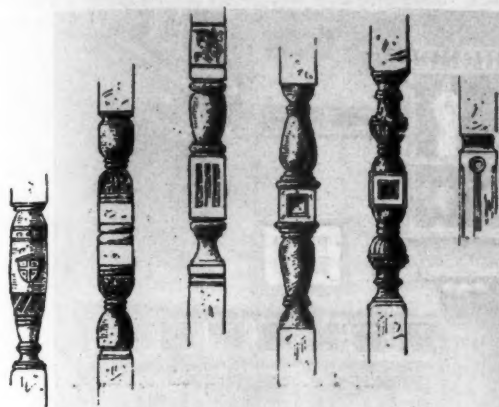
"Yes, one flat; not a pile of flats one above another, as they are built in cities, but one large flat raised high enough to be entirely removed from the moisture of the ground, to give a pleasant sense of security from outside

intrusion and to afford convenient outlooks from the windows. One or two guest rooms, that are not often used, might be on a second floor, under the roof, if there is space enough."

"But this plan has the servants' chambers, the kitchen and the store closets all in the roof. Isn't that rather overdoing the matter?"



NEAR THE TURNING-POINT.



A CHOICE OF BALUSTERS.

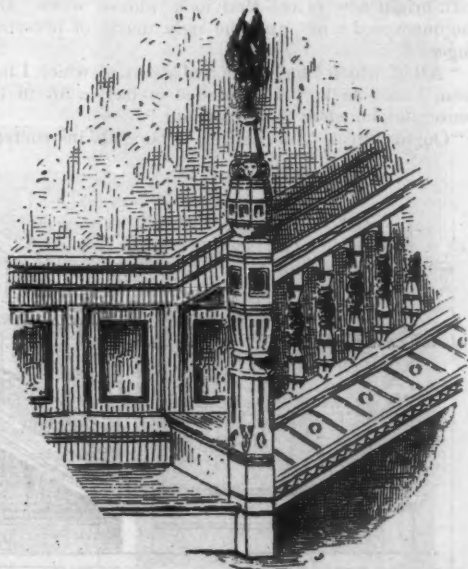
"Better in the attic than in the basement. It is light, dry and 'airy.' There is no danger that the odors of cooking will come down, and as for the extra trouble, a well-arranged elevator will take supplies from the basement up twenty feet to the level of the kitchen, store-rooms and pantries as easily as they could be taken the usual distances horizontally. In brief, a kitchen above the dining-room is at worst no more 'inconvenient' than below it. Of course, there must be stairs even in a one-story house, but they would not be in constant use. Instead of living edgewise, so to speak, we should be spread out flatwise. We could climb when we chose, but should not of necessity be forever climbing. Yes, I like this plan exceedingly, not alone for its one principal floor, but I have always had a fancy for the 'rotunda' arrangement; one large central apartment for any and all purposes, out of which the rooms for more special and private uses should open. Indeed, I don't see how a very large house can be built in any other way without leaving a considerable part of the interior as useless for domestic as Central Africa is for political purposes. With this arrangement the central keeping-room, lighted from above, may be as large as a circus tent, and all the surrounding cells will be amply supplied with light and air from the outside walls."

"According to Aunt Melville's enthusiastic account, the construction of the house is but little less than marvelous. 'The high walls of the basement are built of those native, weather-stained and lichen-covered boulders, the walls above being of a material hitherto unknown to builders. You will scarcely believe it when I tell you they are nothing else than the waste rubbish from brickyards, the rejected accumulations of years—not by any means the unburned, but the overburned, the hard, flinty, molten, misshapen and highly colored masses of burned clay which indeed refused to be consumed, but have been twisted into shapeless blocks by the fervent heat.' Of course, with such unconventional materials for the main walls it would be a silly affectation to embellish the exterior of the house with elaborate mouldings or ornamental wood-work, and the visible details are therefore plain to the verge of poverty. But as men of great genius can disregard the trifling formalities of society, so there are no architectural rules which this house is obliged to respect."

"That suits me perfectly," said Jack; "but I am amazed at Aunt Melville. Never before did she make such a concession even to great genius. Never before

have I felt inclined to agree with her; but the conviction has grown upon me of late that the new house is in danger of being too much like other houses. If a fellow is really going in for reform, I like to have him go the whole figure. What do you say to beginning anew and building such a house as no mortal ever built before—something to make everybody wonder what manner of people they are who live in such a habitation—something to convince our neighbors that we are no weak-minded time-servers, but are able to be an architectural as well as domestic law unto ourselves—something to make them stop and stare—a sort of local Greenwich from which the community will reckon their longitude—'so many miles from the house that Jill built'?"

"My dear, did it ever occur to you that you cannot be too thankful for a wife who is not blown about by every wind of new doctrine? I do like the plan of 'The Oaks' exceedingly, not only for itself, but for the spirit of it, for its breadth and freedom. It seems to me a charming illustration of the true gospel of home architecture. There is no thoughtless imitation of something else that suits another place and another family. Neither does it appear that the owner tried to make a vain display for the sake of 'astonishing the natives.' He knew what he wanted, and built the house to suit his wants, using the simplest, the cheapest and the most durable materials at hand in the most direct and unaffected manner. Did you notice in the sketch of the keeping-room fireplace the little gallery passing across the end of the room above the entrance to the sitting-room? Probably you thought that was built for purely ornamental purposes, but it isn't. It is simply the walk from the kitchen to another part of the attic, which can be most conveniently reached by this interior bridge. Of course, it adds to the interest and beauty of the room, but it was not made for that purpose, and, as I understand the matter, it is all the more beautiful because it was first made to be useful. There is another thing in this house, the elevator, which, queerly enough, we do not often find in houses of more aspiring habit, where it would be of even greater value. It is amazing



ONE WAY TO BEGIN.



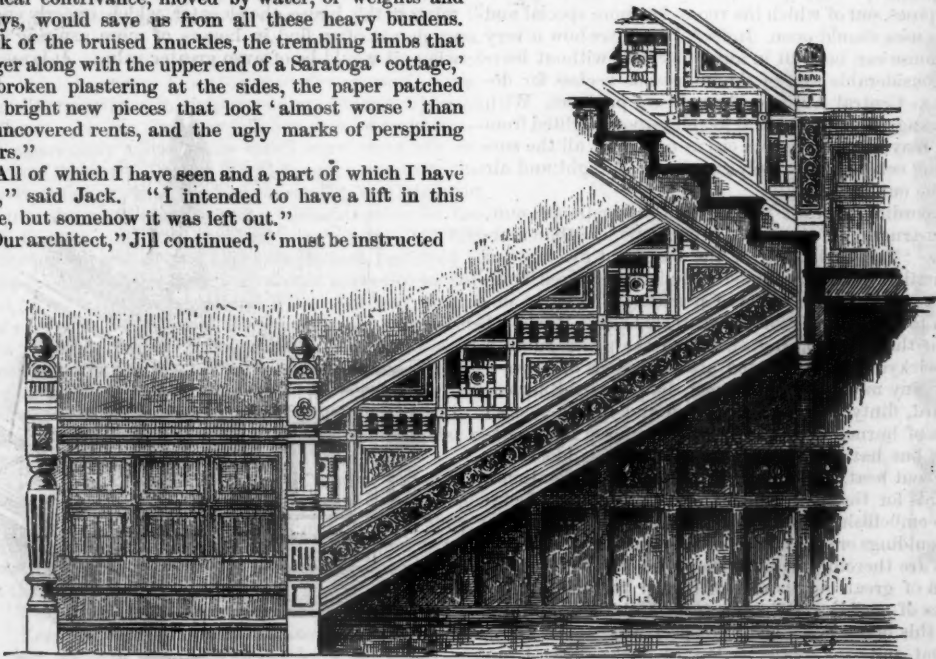
THE BIG FIREPLACE IN THE KEEPING-ROOM.

to me that housekeepers will go on tugging trunks, coal-hods and heavy merchandise of all kinds up stairways day after day and year after year, when a simple mechanical contrivance, moved by water, or weights and pulleys, would save us from all these heavy burdens. Think of the bruised knuckles, the trembling limbs that stagger along with the upper end of a Saratoga 'cottage,' the broken plastering at the sides, the paper patched with bright new pieces that look 'almost worse' than the uncovered rents, and the ugly marks of perspiring fingers."

"All of which I have seen and a part of which I have been," said Jack. "I intended to have a lift in this house, but somehow it was left out."

"Our architect," Jill continued, "must be instructed

to arrange not only an easy staircase, but there must be a paneled wainscot at the side. We will dispense with elegance in any other quarter, if need be, in order to



A BROADSIDE OF AN EASY ASCENT.

have the stairs ample, strong and well protected. I am not over-anxious to have them ornate, although handsome stairs are very charming if well placed; like many other beautiful things, they become incurably ugly when too obtrusive. The architect has sent several designs of balustrades, from which we are to choose, and gives this advice about the dimensions: 'As you have plenty of room, the staircase should be four or four and a-half feet wide, so that two people can easily walk over it abreast. I have arranged to make the steps twelve inches wide, besides the projection that forms the finish—the "nosing"—and six inches high; that is six inches "rise" and twelve inches "run." Some climbers think this too flat, and perhaps it is in certain situations; but for homes, for easy, leisurely ascent by children and old folks, I think it better than a steeper pitch. All large dwelling-houses, and some small ones, ought to be supplied with "passenger elevators," at least from the first to the second story. Those who take the rooms still higher are usually able to make the ascent in the common way. Such an elevator can undoubtedly be made that will be safe and economical, especially where there is an ample water supply.'

"The safety is the most troublesome part of the problem," said Jack; "and I can think of no way to overcome the danger of walking off the precipice, when the platform happens to be at the bottom but by having the car run up an inclined plane. There would be no more danger of falling down this than down a common stairway, and the car might be fixed so it couldn't move up or down faster than a walk or a slow trot."

"Would you like to experiment in the new house? You may do so—at your own expense—if you will promise not to spoil the plan. Among the designs for the stairs there is one that will be of no service to us, the screen at the foot of the stairs; our 'reception' hall will be separated from the staircase hall by the chimney and the curtains at the sides."

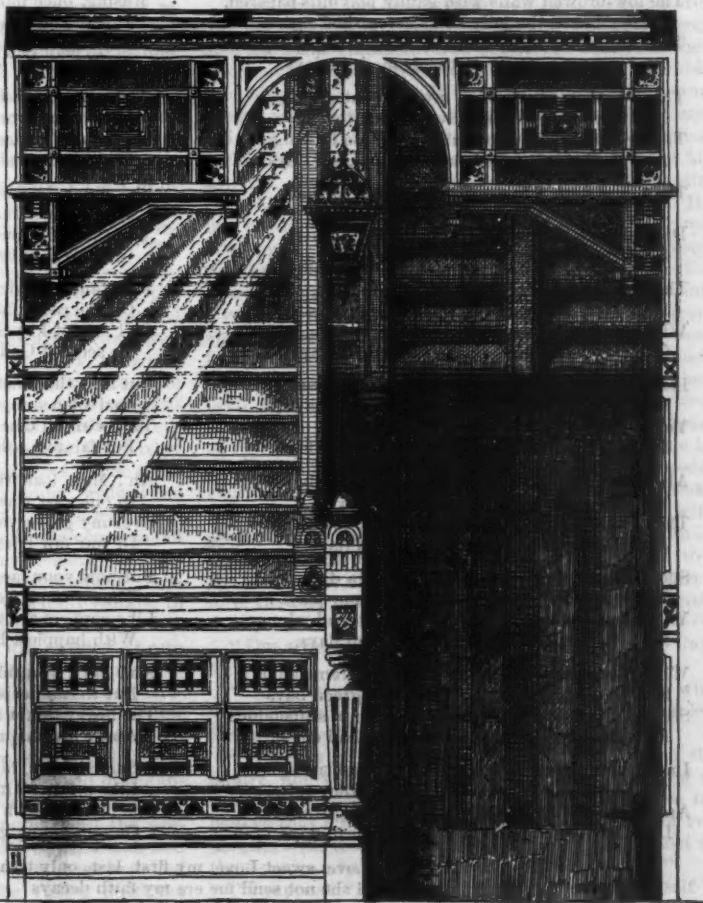
"I have an idea," exclaimed Jack, "a truly philanthropic one. You know we are accumulating a large stock of plans, to say nothing of general information on architectural subjects, which we cannot possibly use ourselves, but which ought not to be wasted. Now you know Bessie is pining for a mission."

"Bessie has gone home."

"I know, but she will come back if we send for her and tell her that she and Jim are to be sent out in the express wagon on a benevolent expedition to the heathens—the uncultured domestic heathens. We can have some of the architect's letters printed in tract form for

them to distribute, and they can take along these superfluous plans to be applied where they will be most effective. Take, for instance, this hall screen, or whatever it may be, with the square staircase behind it. This would be just the thing for one of those old-fashioned square houses with the hall running through the middle and the long staircase splitting the hall in two lengthwise. If Bessie could persuade the owner of a single one of these old houses to take out the straight and narrow stairs, move them back, and, by introducing this semblance of a separation, make a reception hall of the front part, she would feel that she had not lived in vain. If she could at the same time cause cashmere shawls and rag carpets to be hung as portières in place of doors to the front rooms she would be ready for translation."

Jill laughed. "I'm not sure," said she, "but this is a good field for people of missionary proclivities. Some of these old-fashioned houses have far more real, artistic excellence than those of the later, transition periods, and need but slight alterations to be most satisfactory types of architectural beauty as well as models of comfort and convenience. Broad, easy stairs, wide doorways and generous windows, with ample porches and piazzas outside, would transform them and make them not merely as good as new, but vastly better. Re-



A DIVIDING SCREEN AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS.

opening fireplaces that have been ignominiously bricked up would be another promising field."

"Oh! I tell you my idea is a capital one. I'll send for Bess this very day. They shall have Bob and the express wagon a week if they want it. They shall dispense an esthetic gospel and accumulate ancient bric-a-brac to their hearts' content. Bessie will be in ecstasies, and Jim will be in a helpless state of amazement and admiration."

"How perfectly absurd, Jack! I wouldn't allow those children to go off on such an excursion for all the old houses in America. One would think you were determined to have an esthetic sister-in-law at all hazards."

"Never thought of such a thing! But now that you suggest it"—

"I haven't suggested it," said Jill indignantly. "Well, you put it into my head at all events, and really now it wouldn't be such a bad idea. Jim is behind the times, artistically speaking, and needs to be waked up; and as for Bess, she would very soon learn to be careful how she expressed a longing for the unattainable, for Jim is a practical fellow, and whatever she wanted he would go for in a twinkling. Honestly, Jill, it strikes me as a first-class notion, and I'm glad you suggested it."

"I *didn't* suggest it, and I think it would be a *dreadful* thing—I mean to send them off on another excursion. I am not sure, however, but we might found an A. B. C. A. M. with the materials and implements in our possession."

E. C. GARDNER.

BOHEMIAN DAYS.

Ah! Max, I miss the glory of that garret
Which oft we looked at through a purple haze,
Like a spice-island in a sea of claret,
When merry midnights crowned the dear, dead days.

The low-browed walls with gaudy playbills papered,
That mocked the jolly sun's astonished rays—
The blithesome birds that round their cages capered
And sang so sweetly in the dear, dead days.

The old machine at which my Love sat sewing,
And humming low my favorite Scottish lays,
Till from her bosom the full tune came flowing
And the birds listened, in the dear, dead days.

The dingy desk whereon I wrote wild stories
For trashy prints, or stole Parisian plays,
Dreaming, sometimes, of true poetic glories—
Butterfly children of the dear, dead days.

The ancient fiddle that you used to fondle,
Dear Max, and make us glad in sudden ways,
With clamoring roundelay and amorous rondel—
Oh! you had genius in the dear, dead days!

How fair these things arise to memory's vision!
But, ah! the sun departs, the shadow stays;
Yet lingers something exquisite, elysian,
Divine—'t the pathos of the dear, dead days.

Ah! Max, that shaky table, where so neatly
My Love, as cloth, the daily paper lays;
Then, while I read the news, you warble sweetly
A grace for dinner in the dear, dead days.

Such trills, such tremolos, to prelude a dinner;
Such grace-notes, tricks a tender tenor plays!
Yes, life was golden; yes, that poor bread-winner,
My pen, was potent in the dear, dead days.

What songs we sang! What choruses tremendous!
How base a bass was I, whose best green bays
Seemed the green baize at billiards—pun stupendous
As those we roared at in the dear, dead days!

I note these trifles through a misty brightness,
(Perhaps the brightness of the tear they raise,)
And my heart leaps, yet lingers in its lightness,
Like her low laughter in the dear, dead days.

Like her, how soft and musical in motion,
With deep, dark eyes that blind the diamond's blaze!
How sweet she was and worthy of devotion
From any poet of the dear, dead days!

Musing, once more, before mine easel olden,
I paint the "fancy work" that never pays—
Auroral gleams of roses turning golden,
My dreams of color in the dear, dead days.

Across my tints her graceful shadow stealth:
I leave my work a little while to gaze
On the new charms which every step revealeth—
Oh! vital music of my dear, dead days!

She stands beside me—she, my living picture,
Needing no frame to gain the meed of praise:
What artist on such curves could pass one stricture—
Oh! dreamy beauty of my dear, dead days!

She stands beside me with the sun's caresses
On the red gold that down her bosom strays:
Oh! sunset kisses upon auburn tresses,
Ye seemed God's blessing on the dear, dead days!

But now the lonely night around me darkens
And silence my sad spirit softly sways;
Till, with all discord hushed, it humbly hearkens
For faintest echoes of those dear, dead days.

Ah! Max, lost friend, if *then* this heart had broken
In one vast wave of sorrowful amaze,
Over my grave you would have placed a token
Of our fair friendship in the dear, dead days.

But now your face with ledger-lines is wrinkled;
The curse of Gold upon you heavily weighs;
Like coppers are the splendid eyes that twinkled
With happiest humors in the dear, dead days.

Ah! Max, your change would be sufficient sorrow
But that a deeper grief my soul dismays:
The heavy doubt if Death will have a morrow
And I my darling of the dear, dead days.

O Sacred Love, how could she fade so quickly—
Like a fair fruit-tree ere its top displays
One blossom—Ah! the raindrops fell too thickly
On our young garden in the dear, dead days.

Oh! Love, sweet Love, my first, last, only treasure!
Will she not send me ere my faith decays
A single smile, that I beyond the azure
May see heaven dawn for all our dear, dead days?

HENRY AUSTIN.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

AFTER a time, however, the Master of Sturmhold became again preoccupied and moody. He ceased to take any part in the children's sports, and, indeed, became apparently almost oblivious to their existence. Hilda, used to such moods, after vainly trying to divert her father from them, gave her attention still more to Martin, who, after a day or two of uneasy wonder at the changed demeanor of the man who had captivated his fancy so completely, became accustomed to it, and the twain almost forgot his existence for days together.

With many misgivings, Mrs. Kortright invited Captain Hargrove and the two children to share the Christmas dinner at Paradise Bay, and greatly to the surprise of all the invitation was accepted. It was a red-letter day in the calendar of the two young lives. They went in the crisp brightness of a winter morning. All day long, after their arrival, the hero-boy showed the wondering girl the scenes of his early achievements. The great red barn with its dark corners, dim passages, great mows and cobwebbed roof, decorated with the mud-daubed homes of summer swallows, was explored from purline to basement. The broken arm, grown well and strong, was quite forgotten by the boy, who was only preserved from even more serious injury by the fate that watches over boys; but it was not for a moment absent from the mind of the girl who beheld his exploits. She held her breath in terror at his daring familiarity with the horses, oxen and cows. The recklessness with which he climbed the ladder, walked the great beam and took a flying leap of a dozen feet down upon the cut side of the haymow, not only commanded her admiration but awakened her amazement. Sturmhold sank into insignificance beside this silent playhouse of the sturdy boy whom she was daily coming to regard as a hero of more than knightly mettle.

Within the house a different scene was enacted. From early morning a fire had been burning in the parlor—that strangely isolated portion of the American farmhouse of a generation ago which was never used except on great occasions, and, with its inseparable parlor-bedroom, was sacred to company, consumption and death. Fortunately, the physician had been informed of the intended festivity, and had enjoined that a fire should be kept burning in this prohibited sanctuary all the previous day. His injunction had been strictly fulfilled, and before the Captain's arrival the Squire had been installed in this spare-room to entertain the visitor until the

dinner hour, which, with especial reference to the convenience of the visitor, was put at three o'clock, thus splitting the difference between the dinner hour of the farm-house and that of the mansion. During this time the mysteries of housewifery demanded the attention of Mrs. Kortright, and the two men were left to themselves.

There could not be a greater contrast. The Squire, thin and pallid from his two months of suffering, occupied the plain chintz-covered sofa. His beard had not been cut since his illness, and formed a grizzly stubble over his chin. His hands were white and skinny and the left seemed drawn and weak. One leg was flexed and the toes incurved by the force of the disease that had racked his frame and only spared his life at price of his activity. It was a heavy ransom for a man of his stirring habit to pay for the bare privilege of existence. He was beyond danger—at least the physician thought so—but he was rigorously commanded not to venture beyond the threshold until the summer sunshine had opened the doors and equalized the temperature within and without. Even then it was doubtful if he would ever walk erect and without the aid of a staff again. He would live—confined to a chair, hobbling about on crutches or chained to a staff—a life that had little charm to one who had been accustomed to bid defiance to nature, whose strength had been the pride of his youth and the boast of his manhood. He felt the bitterness of his lot as he saw Captain Hargrove, in the glory of his prime, broad-chested, round, full-limbed; a flush upon his dark cheek; his eye full of fire and his step firm and elastic with something of the tendency to "brace" which is almost always perceptible in the walk of one accustomed to a sea-faring life. It was with something of envy, therefore, that he said as soon as Mrs. Kortright had withdrawn:

"I'm afraid ye'll find me mighty dull company, Captain."

"On the contrary," said the Captain, "a chat with you is just what I would have chosen had it been left for me to say how I would like to pass the day."

"It's very good of you to say so, Captain," said the Squire, not without surprise, yet evidently pleased at this hearty speech, "but it will be hard to make me believe that a man who has been upon his back for two months with this miserable pain racking him most all the time, can be very good company for any one."

"I suppose," said Hargrove, as he seated himself in

a large rocking-chair near the fire, "this is one of the very reasons I want to talk with you. If you were well and busy you would have no time to think of what I want most to say, and perhaps I might not care about trusting you either."

"If it's that woman Lida you are referring to, Captain, I may as well say at once that I don't know any thing more about her than you do."

"Nor half as much, Mr. Kortright. I am well aware of that, and you have reason to be thankful for the fact, too."

"How so?"

"No matter. She has no connection with what I wish to speak of now, at least not directly, and it won't pay to spend time in discussing her."

"Well, just as you please," said Kortright, evidently not pleased himself that the other did not intend to pursue the topic he had introduced.

"Not that I would be unwilling to tell you all I know of her, but the story is a long one, and I hardly feel like undertaking it to-day."

"I 'spect not," said the other, with a caustic dryness of tone that did not escape the attention of the visitor, who laughed quietly as he said:

"Queer, isn't it, that a man should be regarded with suspicion because of his good deeds, while perhaps his evil ones bring him only respect?"

"I don't know 'bout that," began Kortright argumentatively.

"Nor I, as a rule," interrupted Hargrove; "neither do I care whether it is generally true or not. I was only speaking of my own case. I never thought of it till lately. Somehow, since your boy has been with us I seem to myself like one just wakened out of a long sleep."

"I hope he hasn't disturbed ye," said Kortright, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Disturbed me? Oh, no; he fits in as if he had been the missing link between Sturmhold and the world."

"Martin is a good boy."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Hargrove, "that is just what my Hilda is always saying. By the way, Squire, it is marvelous how those two children seem to suit each other. They haven't found a point of difference yet, and seem to grow fonder of each other every day."

"I'm glad on't, Captain. The little girl must have had a lonesome life afore he come."

"Well, I suppose she did; though I never thought of it. The truth is, Mr. Kortright," he added solemnly, "I have had a burden to bear ever since her birth which no one could share with me, and which has left me very little opportunity for other things."

"Yes," said the Squire, as Hargrove paused, not because he meant to assent to what had been said but because he did not know what else to say.

"I wish I could tell you or some other good man all about it, but I can't. That's the trouble of the matter. I undertook to do a good thing—at least I thought it was good and kind, but it has brought a heap of sorrow and misunderstanding. There's that girl Lida, now; I set her free, gave her a home, and shut all society out of my house that she might be undisturbed, and now am regarded with horror throughout the valley here, because she ran away."

"There's some feeling about it, certainly," said the Squire.

"Feeling! Bluebeard was an amiable man in comparison with me, taking my neighbors' estimate."

The master of Sturmhold laughed pleasantly as he spoke, as though the neighbors' opinion of him was not a matter of grave importance after all.

"Well, he continued, "the girl Lida made me a deal of trouble when she left, but it was nothing to the trouble she had made by staying. I hardly realized it before; but when she was gone and your boy came, I seemed to have lost a load that had been on my shoulders so long that I had almost forgotten how it bent me down."

"I confess, Captain," said Kortright, "I can't understand the matter, an' as you don't seem inclined to tell me all about it, perhaps ye'd better not say anything at all, an' so not start my curiosity."

"I've no fear of that, sir," answered Hargrove. "If it was my secret I'd tell it in a minute, but it concerns every one else whom it touches more nearly than it does me; and yet I am the only one that knows the whole of it."

"That must be unpleasant, anyhow."

"Unpleasant! It has made me a hermit and built a cave about me. No wonder Hilda was lonesome, as you say. I never thought, when I undertook this job, that she would come to need anybody but a nurse. In fact, I didn't think of anything."

"That's the way mostly with what folks go into for the pleasure of the present minute," said the elder man severely.

"Oh, but I didn't go into this, Squire, at all. It just spread itself over me without so much as saying 'by your leave.' I wasn't even indiscreet, except in picking up a load heavier than I could carry."

"See here, Captain," said the Squire energetically, "you and I ain't much more'n strangers, but I want to say to you plainly that I don't want to know anything about the matter that you're referin' to. I'm just as sure as that I'm lyin' here that it's somethin' growin' out of Slavery, and I don't want the responsibility of carryin' any of its sins."

"There's where you're wrong, Squire," said the Captain, with a touch of triumph in his voice. "All the trouble in this case has come from liberty instead of slavery. There would have been no burden on my back if I had not tried to make a slave happy by giving her freedom."

"Aye, that is your logic," said Kortright almost bitterly, "because a day of freedom does not heal the evil of generations of slavery, you say it causes the ills it only drags out into the light of day so that they can be seen."

"I don't know about that," responded Hargrove curtly. "I believe that negro slavery is a better thing than negro liberty. Abstractly, I dislike Slavery as much as you or any one else. I have seen a good deal of it in one country and another, and honestly wish we had never had it here. But then I should want to be rid of the African, too."

"He wouldn't be here if he hadn't been brought," said the other significantly, watching Hargrove keenly as he spoke.

"True," said Hargrove carelessly, "but here he is, and here he is likely to stay. The only question—if it is a question—is *how* he shall stay."

"He can't stay here much longer as a slave, that's certain."

"I cannot see why you think so. A few fanatics make a great deal of noise, but slavery has grown stronger every year since the formation of our government."

"The steeple's kept gittin' higher, that's a fact; but how about the underpinnin'?"

"I don't see but it stands on just as good a foundation as the government itself."

"That may be—that may be," meditatively.

"If the government stands I don't see how slavery can help standing with it. That is my view, Squire, candidly. I wish we had never had slavery, nor the negro, either; but having the negro, I don't see how we can get along without slavery. I hope you understand me."

"Yes, I guess I do," said Kortright, raising himself on his elbow and looking at the other with eyes that burned like live coals in the ashen pallor of his face, "and I want you to understand me, too. If we've got to have slavery in order to save the nation, I don't see any use in savin' on't. I'm sorry, myself, that the negro is in the country, but bein' here I'd rather try to get along with him as a free man than see the country go on heapin' up wrong, year after year, by the wholesale, as we are doin' now."

"Well," laughed Hargrove, "there's no mistaking that. You would rather the country should perish than slavery live."

"I would rather see the best machine man ever devised broken to pieces than made the instrument of oppression and wrong."

"Well, well, we can never agree upon that subject, so we need not discuss it."

"I s'pose 'twould be a waste of time. You look at it one way and I another, and we're both a little set in our way, probably."

Harrison Kortright smiled grimly as he settled himself upon his couch again. The younger man looked at him with amused expression for a moment, and then said:

"I reckon, Squire, you would be surprised to know that at this very time I am in very bad odor in Carolina because I am considered a dangerous enemy of 'the institution.'"

"You?" lifting his rugged brows and surveying the man who sat before him, critically.

"Yes, I."

"I think I should," emphatically.

"Then listen."

Hargrove drew a newspaper from his pocket and read:

"Facts which have come to our knowledge warrant us in cautioning the people of Clayburn county against one of her sons who has turned traitor to the South and her institutions. People thought it strange, when, some years ago, a certain gentleman sold his plantation in the vicinity of Amity Lake and removed to the bleak hills of New York; but no one supposed that a man who owed his fortune and his place in society to the chivalrous watch-care of Colonel Peter Eighmie could ever become a renegade to the land of his birth. There was some comment on his folly in taking with him to a free State and there manumitting a considerable number of his most valuable negroes, but, as they were his own property, no one was inclined to regard it as anything more than the harmless freak of a wealthy planter. Indeed, it was generally attributed to the influence of his foreign wife, who had imbibed a foolish prejudice against the patriarchal institution. So, though there had never been any reason to suppose that her husband shared her folly, no one believed it possible, that when he became the executor of the son of his benefactor he would either squander the estate through his abolition fanaticism or attempt to meddle with the domestic relations of his neighbors. It was known that there had been an unusual number of runaways from that vicinity, but no one suspected that one who had been an officer of the United States navy would ever descend so low as to become a kidnapper of his neighbors' slaves. By the capture of a gang of runaways, in Hurricane Swamp last week, however, it was learned that they were waiting to be taken North in his sloop. It

seems that she has hardly ever crossed the bar without taking a stolen cargo. It has been learned almost to a certainty that on the last trip he took one of Colonel Granby's most valuable house-servants, a likely woman, who had taken up* with a negro named Unthank, the body-servant of this man before he was taken out of the State and freed by his fanatical master. This man Unthank is known to be a very impudent and dangerous negro, who has been coming to the State in company with his former master, in open defiance of the law that forbids free negroes to come into the State. We learn that the people of that part of the county are justly incensed at these facts and have organized to give both Unthank and his master such a welcome as they deserve should they ever dare show themselves in that region again."

"Meaning you?" asked the listener on the chintz-covered lounge, gazing in undisguised amazement at the reader.

"Undoubtedly, meaning me," responded Hargrove, with a quiet laugh at the other's surprise. "You see I am bound to have the name of kidnapper, wherever I go. It must be something in my face that condemns me, or perhaps it runs in the blood. The Hargroves of a few generations back are said to have done a land-office business in that line."

"You are sure it ain't in your actions, I suppose?" said Kortright dryly.

"Well, no," said Hargrove in a tone of candor, "I

*This term, "taken up with," was one of the unconscious testimonies of slavery to its own demoralizing tendencies. It was used to express the relation, as nearly as might be, of husband and wife existing between slaves. "The fact," said the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State in which our story is located, "that two slaves have taken up with each other, no matter under what pretended ceremony of marriage, and have lived together as if in the marital relation, in no sense constitutes them husband and wife, nor clothes them with any of the rights and privileges of that relation." The influence of this doctrine is no doubt distinctly visible in the morals of the race to which it was applied. Unquestionably this doctrine is absolutely indispensable to the peace of society where the relation of simple chattelism in man is maintained. The thing—mere property, cannot at the same time be clothed with the rights of a husband and father. The chief difference between American slavery and that which the world has known in other lands and ages was that it did not pass through the intermediary stages of serfdom in its downfall. The American slave was transformed into a freeman without development, without instruction; one day a slave, the next a citizen—changed in the twinkling of an eye. Hitherto the road from slavery to freedom has always been a harsh and rugged one. One right after another has been won with difficulty and danger. Blood has flowed and generations of struggle have engendered a fortitude worthy of the liberty that came at length as its reward. This is the universal history of European development, and out of these struggles grew up the peoples that make what we term the civilized world of to-day. Whether the sudden transplantation that marked the downfall of our American system, lacking, as it did, all that opportunity for gradual growth which serfdom and feudalism afforded, will show like beneficent results, is a question which only time can answer. It is not yet decided, and the claim of the Southern white man of to-day that two races, so distinctly marked in outward habit of body and so widely separated by previous development, can only live together in a relation in which one is subordinate to, and controlled by, the other, is a dogma that will be sneered at only by the fool who is too dull to read the past and too blind to fear for the future. We may hope—we must hope—but that hope itself should teach us that simple liberty is not all that is required to transform the slave into a freeman. The African of America must have time to learn very much and to forget still more before the Proclamation of Emancipation will have become effectual. On this fact depends the duty of to-day. The Slave may be emancipated; the Freeman must be developed. We may believe in a result consonant with liberty and our ideas of justice; but the fact that such an outcome is not demonstrable should teach the people of the whole land that the end of duty is not yet.

am not. On the contrary, I am half of the notion that I'm guilty of the charge in Carolina."

"What?"

"I think I am guilty of kidnapping, as charged in that paper, and you, too."

"I? How do you make that out?"

"I have reason to believe that Unthank has been bringing one or more of his friends back on the sloop every time I have been down there for a year or more, and I suppose you have been helping him away with them."

"That's where you've shot mighty wide of the mark, Captain. I don't mind saying that I would do it in a minute, if the chance came; but, as a matter of fact, I never did help a runaway, even with a meal of victuals, till the night before the 'lection. That woman's story made me an Abolitionist."

"So? And what was her story, please?"

"No matter, Captain. I'm willing to give up that you didn't want to kidnap her; but that you didn't mean her harm of any kind I'm not quite so sure."

"You think a Southern man cannot deal fairly with a man or woman having a black skin?"

"Well, it don't matter what I think. What she said to me I suppose she told in confidence, and I have no right to go and repeat it to one she was afraid of, to say the least. You see that yourself."

"You are quite right in that," said Hargrove, "but knowing the girl's history as well as I do, I had a curiosity to learn how much of it she would tell. I assure you, Squire, that girl has a story well worth hearing, without any fiction being added."

"The one she told me changed my politics, and I ain't sure but it colored my religion just a trifle."

"And the real story has changed my life," said Hargrove, as he rose and walked moodily up and down the room. "I suppose I kidnapped her, too. Confound it, Mr. Kortright, do you believe in a devil?"

"It's the one thing I never had a doubt about," answered Kortright doggedly.

"Oh, I don't mean a mere theoretical devil; I mean a being that cannot help doing evil, even when meaning to do good—one whose acts are all cursed with the venom of destruction, no matter how well intended."

"I don't know. I suppose that must be the very way the devil is situated."

"And that is the way it is with this girl, Lida. Poor thing! she's had a hard time. I don't think she ever meant any one harm, but her very presence is a curse. I never did her anything but kindness in my life, but she brought a curse with her into my house, and I have not been so happy in years as since she left it."

"Well, she ain't likely to trouble you much more, and, as far as I can see, you're both very well rid of each other."

"That's the trouble, Squire," said Hargrove, stopping short before his companion. "I am not rid of her, and cannot be for many a year. She is hung around my neck like a mill-stone. Even now I am compelled to go away in a few days to face any amount of danger and trouble on her account."

"Well, Captain, I'm sorry for both of you—you and the woman, I mean, but if you won't tell me what it's all about and I won't tell you what she said, what sense is there in our talking around it all day? To change the subject—you speaking about mill-stones brought it to my mind—you know that farm of yours just across the creek, to the east of my land?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't you like to sell that tract?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Well, you see, the doctor says I'm not likely ever to be of much use on the farm any more—may not be anywhere—but at least must look for some sort of business that will keep me out of the weather. Now, I never had any turn for merchandising; and there's the big fall in the creek there, I've always thought would make somebody's fortune, some time. I ain't rich, but I've a mind to try and build a mill there, if I can get the property on easy terms and long time. The dam would back the water up on my meadow, anyhow, so I've got a sort of an interest in it, you see."

"Yes," said Hargrove, still pacing back and forth across the room, "I've thought such a thing might be done, myself. How much power could be got there?"

"Power? I don't know. I ain't a mechanic, exactly, but if a good dam was put across that narrow place there ain't no water-power in this region to compare with it. Why, it would run anything."

"Have you money enough to develop it?"

"Not as it ought to be done, but I'd do enough to hold it, make a living, pay the interest and wait for a chance to do better."

"Suppose you had the money?" pausing and looking down at the man on the lounge.

"If I had the money I'd make that tract worth more'n all the land you've got up and down the valley."

"Yes," slowly resuming his walk.

"I don't know exactly what 'twould be, and I wouldn't be in no great hurry to decide neither; but, if I had the money, I'd put in a dam there that wouldn't be in no danger from high water, and then I'd look around for something for it to do. No fear but I'd find something. The only trouble would be to determine what would be the best."

"Do you think you will be able to attend to it?"

"Well, Captain, I don't never expect to be well again. I s'pose I'll be a sort of half-cripple the rest of my life. I won't be able to do, but think maybe I'll be able to look after what others are doin'."

"A much more important thing. The great trouble with all of our American work is that there is not enough overlooking. The laborer, being a peer of the employer, naturally resents supervision, and so he is told what is to be done and left to do it in his own way."

"It's a good deal so," assented the elder.

"How much money would it take?" asked Hargrove.

"Oh, that depends on how much is done. It might take ten thousand, and five times that might not be too much."

"Squire Kortright," stopping suddenly in front of him.

"Well?" quietly.

"I am a rich man."

"I s'pose so."

"I believe you are an honest one."

"I'm glad you think so," dryly.

"I do, and I will furnish you all the money you need, on one condition."

"What's that?" asked the Squire cautiously, betraying no more emotion than if he had merely been offered the most ordinary of daily favors.

"I came here to-day to make a proposition to you of another sort. Your suggestion opens a better way. As I said, I am a rich man, to-day. But I have undertaken an enterprise which is full of peril. If I should die to-morrow it is quite possible that my estate would be swallowed up in the litigation that would ensue. I have only my daughter to care for. She will be my only heir. But, if I should die while she is yet young, she

might have no estate when grown to womanhood. Now, I want to provide against contingencies, and I will tell you what I will do. I will sell you the land at a nominal price, and will give you twenty-five thousand dollars to expend in its improvements, on condition that my little girl shall have a half-interest in the business when she comes to be twenty-one years of age."

"Meaning little Hilda, I suppose?"

"Of course," with a half-surprised look.

"And you want I should give you what sort of a bond?"

"None at all. I want your word that you will transfer this interest to her, if you should be living at that time, and that you will leave it to her by will so that she might not lose it in case of your death."

"What?" exclaimed the Squire, sitting up, regardless of his ailment, and looking at the Captain with amazement. "You mean to trust me with all this and take no instrument of writing?"

"I have been entrusted with much more, and merely expect you to be as faithful as I have been."

"Oh, I can't take it, Captain. I can't take it. I did think of borrowing it from you, if you could let me have good clean money, but I could not take it in this way; I couldn't do it; I couldn't do it. I'm much obliged—ever so much obliged—but I couldn't do it, nohow."

"What do you mean by 'clean money'?"

"Clean money? Well, you must excuse me, Captain, but—but I meant money that wasn't made in—in any way—that—that—"

"Kidnapping, for instance?" sharply.

"Well, yes," responded the Squire, his self-control at once restored by the other's tone—"that or anything else—that—that a man of my convictions couldn't approve of."

"I'm afraid you couldn't take this, then. I inherited a part of it from the Hargroves, of Hargrove's Quarter, who were a tough lot in their day—worse than kidnappers, I'm afraid—buccaneers—pirates, perhaps."

"Slave-holders, at least, and perhaps slave-traders, too," said Kortright.

"Both," said Hargrove, resuming his seat.

"And you—how have you used it?" asked Kortright severely, looking under his eyebrows at the other.

"Me? Oh, I took a little that I had left after building Folly Castle, up there, and put it into the 'China trade.' It has grown from a little to a good deal, and I thought I would draw out while there was something to be had. But that was strictly moral," he added, with a laugh. "We took tea and opium one way and missionaries the other."

"I s'pose that's the way of trade," said Kortright with a sigh.

"Squire, I don't often share your peculiar notions, and have never tried to change them; but I do think you are carrying them a little too far. I wouldn't like to take money that was the direct result of crime, myself; but can you follow up each piece of gold and refuse it if a scoundrel's hand has touched it since it left the mint?"

"No, I s'pose not. Perhaps this very dollar," he added, drawing one from his pocket, "has helped pay for cutting some man's throat. Yet I don't know. Somehow, I've never known money that was made in a wrong way to bring much enjoyment to them that had it."

"That's what they say about the 'nigger-trader's' gains in my country," said Hargrove.

"I should think that would curse the purest gold that ever was minted!" said Kortright vehemently.

"Yet you were willing to borrow money of me that, in its origin, was, as you fully believed, stained with this very traffic."

"That is so," said Kortright meditatively. "That is so. Perhaps I was wrong. I s'pose I must have been. You see, I'd been thinkin' of this, day after day, as I lay here, and had kind o' got my mind set on havin' the money, somehow, and doing this thing that I s'pose has been lying in my mind, I don't know how many years. I must have been wrong, though," he added humbly, "for why shouldn't it be just as wrong for me to borrow such money as for another to use it?"

"There's this difference, Squire, and I think it makes all the difference between ill-gotten gains and 'clean money,' as you called it. If the doer of the wrong uses the money, the curse of his evil may very naturally attach to it; but I do not see how by any justice or reason the innocent holder should be affected by it."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," sighed Kortright. "I'm sure I don't know." He sank back on the lounge and was silent for a little while and then said, "You want to do this for your little girl?"

"Yes."

"And I want to do it for my boy."

"Then why not make them partners?"

"How?"

"If you must have an instrument of writing to witness the trust, why not make yourself a trustee for them jointly, binding yourself to convey to them equal moieties on coming of age?"

There was a moment's silence.

"I'm a good deal older than you, Captain."

"But will very likely outlive me. Whether you do or not, a reasonable support will be secured to the child, whatever may be the result of the complications that now threaten me."

"I'll do it, Captain!" said Kortright, sitting up and reaching out his hand to clasp that of the other. "I'll do it, if Martha hasn't any objection. I didn't think I'd ever be mixed up with slavery or its results. I didn't want to be; but this seems kind of thrust upon me. My boy and your girl shall be equal partners, and I will be a faithful trustee for them. May God so deal with me as I shall deal with them," he added, solemnly looking upwards.

So the matter was settled. The bell rang for the Christmas dinner. The children came rushing from the barn, their clothes sadly rumpled and not without stain and rent, but with glowing cheeks and ravenous appetites. The company that gathered round the farmer's table was a happy one, despite the infirmity of the master of the house. Even he, his observing wife thought, was more cheerful and like himself than he had been since his sickness, and her heart was made glad when she saw Captain Hargrove devouring the results of her labors with a gusto that was unmistakable. So the day was a happy one, and the Christmas blessing rested upon all. The Squire had a new lease of life in the prospect of doing what he had long dreamed of as a possibility, but never quite expected to realize. The master of Sturmhold had the look of one who has accomplished a cherished purpose, while the good mistress of Paradise Bay rejoiced in the happiness resulting from her scheme. The present had been made bright. The future fortunately cannot fling its shadows before.

The two "partners," after a day of rollicking fun at the old homestead, went back to Sturmhold at night, ignorant of the eventful crisis in their lives which it marked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CURIOUS DISPOSITION.

THREE ladies were seated in Agatha Foster's parlor: Miss Fortescue, large, dark, and of uncertain age, who monopolized the most comfortable arm-chair; Mrs. Becker, shrunken and sandy, who was constantly sliding off the sofa and reinstating herself with a jerk, and Miss Agatha herself, who sat apart from the others, glancing uneasily out of the window, as if distressed by their garrulity. Miss Agatha was a fair young woman, with a noble head and a countenance expressive of all grace and goodness. Yet at this moment she entertained feelings decidedly hostile to her callers, who had run in with the familiar freedom of fellow-boarders in a family hotel, to chat away the afternoon. At heart they were immensely sorry that Miss Nannie Foster had not yet returned from a suburb, where she had gone the day before. Miss Nannie, Agatha's cousin, companion and chaperone in one, was far more to their taste; she was more attentive, more easily impressed, more sympathetic, they thought. She never sat looking out the window when they were retailing their choicest bits of scandal for her especial benefit. But then she was a woman of years. However, they still lingered; it was a pleasant place. The Fosters had the handsomest suite in the building, and furnished with such taste! Such carpets! Such decorative art! And the Fosters were tip-top people. There were four of them, Miss Agatha, her two bachelor brothers, ten and a dozen years her senior, and Miss Nannie, who, since their parents' death, had kept the children together. The winter day drew to a close, the room grew dusky, and still the ladies lingered.

Agatha could endure it no longer; this, of all days, she was without patience. She rose quickly.

"Ladies," she said, with an indignant quiver in her sweet contralto voice, "you must excuse me. I cannot listen to such conversation!"

There was silence a moment; then Miss Fortescue lifted her cumbrous frame. "Oh, certainly. I quite understand. We will withdraw. We do not wish to offend."

"Oh, certainly," faintly echoed Mrs. Becker, sliding from the sofa for the last time and preparing to follow. Agatha's impatience only increased.

"And allow me to say," she exclaimed, with no compunction, "that I think ladies might be better employed than with their neighbors' affairs."

"Good afternoon," said Miss Fortescue savagely.

"Good afternoon," sneered Mrs. Becker.

"Good riddance!" cried Agatha sharply ere the door had closed.

"To-day of all days," she said, as she walked to and fro in the dusk. Presently the door opened.

"All in the dark, Agatha?" asked a cheery voice.

"I thought you would never come, Nannie," was the swift, unnerved reply. Then she lit the gas.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?"

"I have just put Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of the room, and it—it has annoyed me."

"Dear me! What had they done?"

"The same old sickening gossip. Miss Bruce flirts on the street; Mr. and Mrs. Brown have shown no marriage certificate; Mrs. Gray holds her step-child to the fire to burn it, and so on and so on."

"They get their ideas from the morning papers," said Nannie calmly, unclasping her fur-lined circular. "The step-mother holding the child to the fire is a favorite paragraph when news is scarce. Sometimes she heats the flat-iron. For my part, I would never go to that trouble."

But Agatha could not respond to her staid humor. She helped put away the wraps, and inquired after the suburban friends.

"You look pale; aren't you well?" asked Miss Nannie when they were seated.

The girl dropped her eyes. "Nannie, I have some news for you," she said with an effort. "I—last night—I promised Mr. Peters—to—to marry him." Then she sighed as if relieved of a great burden.

The room was still, utterly still. If Miss Nannie were surprised or shocked she gave no token. She only sat quietly looking at the girl and taking time to collect her thoughts. Agatha never lifted her eyes until, after some moments, her cousin cleared her throat and tranquilly inquired: "Well, dear, are you satisfied that you will be happy?"

Then the girl rose and threw herself upon the sofa. "O, Nannie, I don't know; I can't tell."

More silence. Then Miss Nannie asked if she had told the boys?

To these women George and Lewis would be "the boys" as long as they lived.

"I told George at noon," replied Agatha in a voice heavy with tears. "Lewis was not here. I wish you would tell him."

"And what did George say?"

"He only said, 'I congratulate Peters.'"

Miss Nannie leaned back in the chair and meditated, bringing Peters up for a mental review. Poor little whiffet! To be sure, he had money, some social standing and a fair education. They had known him a long, long time, and even felt for him a sort of distant relatives' affection. They would do anything in the world for him. He often took Agatha about, to places of amusement, to church, or riding. But he was at least fifteen years her senior, and they had never dreamed of his aspiring to marry her. His appearance was pitifully against him. Miss Nannie reviewed his bad build, his bowed legs, his 'wild eye,' as she called it, a suspicious eye that seemed to skirmish about the room while its mate regarded you with steadfast respect. Then she turned her thoughts to Agatha—Agatha, perfect in face and figure and ennobled by education and advantages—Agatha, for whom a Senator had proposed and a Congressman languished, to say nothing of her lesser adorers—Agatha, who had rejected the Senator because he lacked principle, and the Congressman because he was a widower.

Nannie remembered that the girl had suffered and shed tears over refusing these and others. She had a curious disposition, as the boys had said.

At length Nannie roused and spoke. "I will tell Lewis; and now, dear, you had better dress, it is near dinner-time. A little Florida-water will cool your cheeks!"

"Hark!" cried Agatha, "there he is, now—gone into his room."

Nannie recognized the clumsy step. Lewis had never yet come up those stairs without tripping at the top; the rushing, impetuous way of his boyhood would always cling to him.

"I am going at once to tell him, before George comes," said Nannie, rising.

"Yes, do," sighed Agatha. And when her cousin had gone out across the corridor, and her tap had been welcomed by a careless "Come in!" the young girl stole after and listened at the crack of her brother's door.

"Lewis, I have news for you," said Nannie gently, and there was a hidden sob in her fond voice. "Agatha has promised—to marry Mr. Peters."

"O Lord!" cried Lewis in open-mouthed disgust.

Agatha crept away from the door; her face was burning and her heart beat hard.

But Miss Nannie remained awhile in her cousin's chamber.

"Lewis," she said quietly, "I suppose we all feel the same over this—matter? Agatha says when she told George he remarked that he 'congratulated Peters.'"

"Well, this is too bad," said Lewis indignantly. "It is a shame if a girl with her face and brains can't do better. She is altogether too soft-hearted. She would have married all the men who ever proposed, if we had let her, and out of sheer pity, not because she cared for them. That is why she accepted Peters; couldn't bear to hurt his feelings—didn't want his straight eye to suffuse with tears! We must do something to prevent."

Nannie smiled deprecatingly: "We must be very careful. Agatha has a curious disposition, and, if she thought we were all against him, she would only pity him the more."

"If there were only some way to dispose of him," exclaimed Lewis grimly; "if we could send him out with the next Arctic expedition!"

Nannie rose. "You will be very careful what you say, Lewis?"

"Oh, of course."

She lingered at the door. "Agatha has not a forceless nature by any means," she said; "she can get angry if she cares to. She tells me she put Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of our parlor to-day, because of their vile gossip. I have no doubt she did."

"Humph!"

Agatha came down to dinner with her face composed and her manner gracious as ever. Her inward defiance was not outwardly manifest. Of her family, George was a shade more dignified than usual, and Lewis appeared annoyed, while Nannie put on a regretful look and occasionally sighed. When they left the dining-room Agatha swept haughtily by the table, at which sat the Fortescue and the Becker. She was done with the twain and intended they should see it.

Up in their own parlor, George sat down by his sister. "Agatha," he said slowly and with an evident distaste for the subject, "do you think you did well to engage yourself to Mr. Peters before consulting your family?"

"I was of age three years ago," she said, regarding him with serene dignity.

"Yes, yes, of course. But there is such a thing as advice. Mr. Peters is our good friend, but is he a suitable husband for you?"

"What is there against him?" she asked unflinchingly. She was not blind to her lover's bodily imperfections. She had lain awake all night, mentally endeavoring to straighten his crooked limbs and control his recreant orb. But with daylight they had dawned upon her as uncompromising as ever.

But George would not stoop to personalities. "Nothing," he answered quietly. "Only we have looked very high for you. We want you to be happy."

"Then do not speak against Mr. Peters," she said in a way that seemed to dismiss the subject.

George betook himself to his own room and Lewis took his place by Agatha. "I suppose I am to congratulate," he said with a careless disregard of Nannie's injunctions.

"You do not seem very enthusiastic," responded his sister calmly, recalling his secretly-heard exclamation upon first learning the news.

"I can't help it if I don't," he answered half-impudently. "You know how proud we are of you, Gath, and we can't be expected to think any man good enough."

She smiled.

He went on recklessly: "I don't believe you knew what you were doing. You don't love Peters, you only pity him, just as you used to pity the Senator and all the rest. This crooked little curmudgeon! Why, he is older than George, and cross-eyed!"

She sprang up in a rage: "Lewis, you have said quite enough. Never speak so again to me; I forbid it!"

Then she sought her own chamber and threw herself upon the bed.

Nannie came to her after awhile. "My poor darling! Why are you feeling so bad?"

"Lewis has been saying such awful things!"

"And are you quite sure you have made no mistake?"

"Quite sure."

She rose and arranged her toilet; Mr. Peters was to come that evening.

He arrived early. Nannie endeavored to be gracious, but soon excused herself, leaving Agatha to her lover, the boys having both gone out. And Agatha, with Lewis' cruel criticism still ringing in her ears, felt as if in a dream. Fortunately Peters made no inquiries as to her brothers' opinions of the marriage. Miss Nannie had congratulated him as though all were satisfactory.

Agatha accepted his adoration quite passively, and at last, when he had gone, retired to her own room to pity him and weep for him, and tell herself how much she loved him.

But as the winter slipped away the engagement was announced, and, having remained unbroken, Agatha's brothers even began to feel resigned.

The quiet, intense devotion of Norman Peters was touching. He worshiped his betrothed; to him she was a very goddess.

"If," thought Nannie, with a softened regret, "if he were only not quite so small! If he were only a half-inch taller, to be of even height with Agatha!"

Meanwhile poor Agatha was fretting herself to death. A thousand little heartless sarcasms and glances of ridicule, to which Peters, in his great happiness, was utterly oblivious, were constantly stabbing her. Night after night she passed in wakeful agony, the idea of breaking the engagement never once occurring to her. She was sure she loved him, and she realized the depth of his devotion. She endeavored to rise above morbid sensitiveness, telling herself that people would cease their cruel ways when they saw that she was determined to stand by him. But she grew thin, and her face wore a hunted expression. Mesdames Becker and Fortescue now began to circulate pretty little stories about her—ingeniously constructed but untruthful romances.

Nothing very bad, for Agatha was a woman to whom no doubtful mist could cling for a moment; but whis-

pers of "coquetry," "blighted hopes," "girlish folly" and "last resort," which, blown from lip to lip on the dubious breath of friendship, came at last to vex the ears of the Fosters. Agatha only grew more pale. Stormy Lewis, however, one day confronted Miss Fortescue in the hall before his sister's room.

"I can tell you, madame, that you must discontinue your talk of my sister," he cried angrily.

Agatha came out. "Oh, Lewis, dear."

He took her by the arm. "Go back, Gath. I've a matter to settle with this lady. She knows what mischief she has been trying to work, and I intend the talk shall cease, or I will take measures she may not admire!"

Without a word Miss Fortescue turned and fled.

"I was sorry for her," said Agatha; "she looked so guilty and helpless."

"I declare I haven't much patience with you," exclaimed her brother, "to think that you would defend her, and she every day assailing your good name. But all your ways of late are provoking. You are going to marry a man you don't love, because you pity him. For God's sake, why didn't you pity some one suitable?"

She trembled with excitement and passion.

"Lewis, if you have the least particle of love or respect for me, you will never speak so again. I do love Norman, and it would kill me if anything should break the engagement!"

Lewis quit her presence crestfallen.

The days slipped by. There had been no date fixed for the wedding, nor was the subject discussed by the family.

None but Nannie knew the terrible tremor in which the girl existed. She was ever moving about, her hands constantly occupied. Day after day, rain or shine, the two women were out of doors. They had always an errand, usually one of mercy. Nannie, however disinclined, would have felt it a sin to oppose, and so Agatha dragged her off through the flitting sunshine, the moodiness, the chill or the storm of the spring-time, until one last morning.

It had been raining for three days, and so steadily that the sidewalk flags were cleaned and whitened.

Agatha said they would not be hampered with a carriage, and they took a car for a mile or so, alighting to walk a few squares to another line. The storm had abated, and the rain was but a listless drizzle.

Agatha slipped and slid once, and Nannie gave a frightened exclamation.

"My overshoes are useless," said the girl carelessly. "I must have another pair. I have a good deal of shopping to do soon."

"Your outfit"—ventured Nannie, and stopped.

Agatha sighed, but her sigh was lost in the noise of the street.

A poor little yellow dog limped out from under a passing vehicle, holding up one paw and yelping pitifully.

"Oh, see!" cried Agatha, with her eyes wet. "Poor, poor doggie! I am so sorry!"

The yelps died away in the distance, and the ladies went on.

A blind man crying, "Cough lozenges!" upon the corner detained them for a moment.

In the next block an old building had been torn away to give place to a new one. Careless workmen had left the sidewalk unguarded in one place, a step from which would have landed one in a deep cellar, where lay a number of loose foundation stones.

Just as they had reached this spot they were brought to a sudden halt by loud cries and confusion. Down the street, and directly toward them, came a runaway team dragging a splendid carriage.

Agatha took an irresolute step forward, and then sprang back as the horses dashed up against the sidewalk.

The women were thus separated, and in a second Nannie was reaching forward, cold with horror.

"Agatha!" she cried, but too late. The girl had lost her balance, and had fallen backward from the unguarded sidewalk down into the deep cellar, and there lay upon the stones limp and unconscious.

She would live, sadly crippled and helpless; the spine had been injured and one hip dislocated. So said the best of surgeons. She would henceforth require all care and tenderness.

"Thank God, she is not poor!" cried Nannie. As for the boys, George was completely crushed, and Lewis paced the floor for hours, crying for "his poor, poor sister!"

Agatha insisted upon hearing the worst, and, when it was made known was very silent. By-and-by Nannie could see great tears trembling under the long, dark eyelashes.

"I would not mind," faltered the sufferer, "but for him. Who will love and care for him now?"

Then she asked that he be sent for at once. When he arrived, Nannie and the boys were in the room, but they withdrew to the window. Peters' face was as pale as Agatha's own.

"Norman, dear," she said without preface, "I am a cripple for life. I may never walk again. I sent for you—to give you back your freedom."

A frightened expression overspread his countenance; his lip quivered, and he sank on his knees by the bed and buried his face.

"Agatha, darling!" he cried with real pathos, "don't, don't cast me off! You are a thousand times dearer to me now. All I ask is the right to care for you"—his voice broke, and he fell to weeping.

By the window three persons heard it all. They looked in silence at each other, then Lewis strode swiftly across the room.

"Peters," he said, "we haven't done right by you. I, myself, have acted despicably. But if you will forgive and forget, it will be very different in the future."

Then Peters, who had risen, stood silent and bewildered till, through the mist, the room grew suddenly bright, for they had encircled him and were clasping his hands with loving warmth.

And as Agatha lay watching she raised a feeble hand to stay the tears that coursed her cheeks.

"I never thought," she sobbed aloud, "I never dreamed I could be made so happy!"

LILY M. CURRY.

The restful hush that twilight brings,
Has fallen over vale and hill.
The bat flits past on silent wings,
The locust's noisy voice is still;
A single cricket chirps her lay—
Her homely song of peace and rest,

The robin hurries to her nest,
And noiseless through the evening air
The night-hawk swoops upon his prey;
While fire-flies o'er the meadows fare,
With lights to guide them on the way.

WILLIAM HOWARD CARPENTER.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

An Old Evil.

JUST as soon as the question of the amount necessary for the maintenance of the worker enters into the question of the amount which should be paid for the work, the whole matter is perverted and disastrous results follow. Theoretically, no one disputes that the laborer is worthy his hire, but if capital can get labor at low rates and labor is satisfied everything seems to be fair enough. Still when, as in our public schools, the scale of compensation is made on the basis of an abundant supply of labor, we begin to bid for the lower class of work. The question is—who will do it for the least money, and not who will do it best. We are much too rich as a people for this sort of economy, and it is a vice and not a virtue. There is no need of our being either uncertain or niggardly in our payment. What we want is judicious expenditure, and that implies economy at the proper points. All this is very trite as applied to the school question, but as long as we complain of an evil, so long must we regard the causes for it, and if we are resolved to take this question of maintenance into the matter, and use a worker because, like the Chinaman, he can live within limits made for him, so long we proceed on a false basis, and must accept the consequences.

The United States Navy.

It will hardly be credited that some twenty years ago the *London Times* contained the following: "The plain truth is, the United States alone, among the nations of the earth, have an iron-clad fleet worthy of the name." This was called out by the visit of an American turret ship to British waters, and Englishmen were farther told that there was not one of the home squadron surrounding her which she could not have sent to the bottom in five minutes. What is the present relative strength of the two navies let Congress and the daily press answer.

Perhaps not more than one American in fifty has ever seen a United States man-of-war or would recognize one if seen. The popular idea of the navy is largely derived from newspaper paragraphs and from the comic journals. As a specimen of the first source of information take the following: "The British officer at Alexandria who boarded the American navy, under the impression that it was a steam-launch which had been sent ashore for provisions, frankly apologized for his mistake." Note the ingenious conclusion regarding the apology, which lends an air of truth to the incident very convincing to the average reader. Again look at the comic papers, or at the "funny" page of any illustrated journal. Side by side with massive British iron-clads American ships are represented with patched sides, with crumbling bulwarks, with pop-guns for batteries, with yards askew and with sails in tatters. It is surprising how literally many people take such things. "There it is, all drawn out," is an unanswerable argument for the popular mind, and it is not unlikely that a very large percentage of those who have never seen a war ship actually believe that the United States Navy is as there represented. Now what is really the state of the case?

It is admitted at the outset, of course, that our entire flotilla might surround a single first class foreign iron-clad and be sunk in succession by her big guns without having been able on their part to bruise the paint on her sides. This is hardly a supposable case, for the foreign iron-clad in question could probably run away from the fleet if so disposed, or overtake and "ram" them one by one, if in a fighting mood. Admitting this essential mechanical inferiority, we need go no farther. An American man-of-war in commission—that is to say, ready for service—is a vessel of

which no one need be ashamed so far as she goes. Clean as silver from truck to keelson, every foot of rigging taut, her brasswork polished, her crew well disciplined and trained to their duties as carefully as their limited opportunities admit, she may be ineffective in comparison with her European sisters, but her officers do the best they can with the materials at hand, and deserve much greater credit than they are likely to get in their unequal conflict with congressional neglect, or stupidity, and departmental mismanagement.

There are not wanting those who advocate the building of huge iron-clads and hundred-ton guns for our navy, but in the opinion of many good judges the money required in their construction might far better be spent in building a few very staunch and very swift ships, which can represent us creditably in time of peace, and can at least run away from heavy-weight enemies in case of war. We can build such ships as well as any nation on earth, and whatever future improvements may be made in armor and guns they will be useful to have on hand.

Beauty and the Bill-Board.

THERE is, perhaps, no better testimony as to the improved taste of the present day than the elegance and variety of the forms of advertising that meet the eye at every turn. It is but a brief time since anything was good enough for an advertisement, if it were only big and glaring, no matter how much it might offend the taste or tire the eye that beheld it. Mere black and white daubed roughly on a road-side fence, a barn, a rock—anything that would hold paint and could be seen was enough. Simply to attract attention was all that the advertiser sought to do. After a while it was found desirable to interest the observer as well as to compel him to see. It was found out that there was all the difference between a pleasing and an offensive advertisement that there is between the attractiveness of a ballad singer and the cry of a fishmonger. To fix attention upon a business or an article in a pleasing manner was found to be two steps instead of one toward establishing business relations with the reader. Not unfrequently it was found that the dead-level of glaring coarseness affected by advertisers produced a feeling of revulsion in the mind of the observer that actually operated against them. Many a patent medicine has been injured almost as much by the offensiveness of its advertising as it has been aided by publicity. So, little by little, we have learned that an advertisement that glares and stares and offends is worth only half as much as one that pleases, attracts and interests, and a thousand charming forms for surprising the public with mercantile information have been devised. Posters of every hue and color and of every variety of design meet us at every turn. The most practical business men use the most beautiful works of art to attract attention to their business. They capture our attention and good-will at once. Like a salesman of fine address, they commend at once the wares they name. We go not to the man who thrusts himself roughly and uncouthly upon our attention when we wish to buy, but to him whose advertisement has brought a smile by its quaintness, a touch of pleasure by its richness and harmony of color or design, or a feeling of confidence by its apparent manliness and sincerity.

Perhaps no better illustration of this idea can be found than the designs which ornament or deface dead walls and conspicuous objects everywhere. Take the fences around the Public Buildings of Philadelphia, which have been there so long as to be an institution of the present generation, as an instance. The time is actually within the

memory of living citizens when black and white and the natural brown of the weather-worn hemlock boards were almost the only colors to be found on these dreary squares. Now the saunterer on the street finds upon them a display of soft and pleasing colors, not unfrequently arranged with artistic effects, which invites him to look again, and almost enforces him who runs to read also. Again, we know, upon the bank of a little inland lake, a small sign painted with the utmost care. Along the narrow channel where it is placed are perhaps a thousand other signs. We have never known a steamer to pass this one that the attention of every passenger was not directed to it. Some one who had seen it before was sure to get every one's curiosity excited before it was reached by the story of its pleasing effect. Of the other signs we do not remember ever to have heard a single remark. All this is not only an evidence of an improved taste on the part of our people, but a permanent testimony to the utility of beauty.

The subject of Delaware Shipyards, begun last week, is continued in the present number, whose opening pages are devoted to the vast commercial and industrial interests represented by John Roach & Son, of Chester. With its illustrations this article forms an important contribution to the current series. The transition from naval engineering to what may be termed natural engineering is easy, and the wonderful ingenuity and skill of a not always pleasing creature is described in Dr. McCook's paper on Spiders. Mr. Gardner continues his account of Jill's contemplated domestic improvements in her new house. Conservative housewives, and their name is legion, will be somewhat startled at some of her suggestions. Confirmed gossips who read the opening of Miss Curry's story will possibly skip the remainder, but other folks will read to the end. Owing to a failure of connection in some Eastern post-office Mr. Hawthorne's manuscript failed to reach us in time for this number. "Dust" is there perforce omitted, but "Hot Plowshares" brings together individuals representative of very different ideas in our American social system, and their friendly talk together has enough of explosive material in it to account for the years of political agitation which followed the period in which the scene is laid. Poems, thoughtful, grave and gay, complete the list of this week's attractions.

THE purchase by OUR CONTINENT of *Potter's American Monthly*, merges in the youngest Philadelphia publication one of her oldest and most popular illustrated magazines. The unexpired subscriptions of the monthly will be filled by OUR CONTINENT, its successive issues reaching subscribers weekly instead of once a month, and all the most attractive features of the *American Monthly* will be perpetuated and improved upon.

BOOK NOTES.

So constant has been the demand for Mr. Charles Nordhoff's "California," published nine years ago, that the publishers, Harper & Brothers, have issued a new edition which is practically a new book. So many changes have, in the meantime, taken place that a restatement became absolutely necessary. Places which, on the first visit were "bare and apparently sterile plains, now present the appearance of old-settled farming tracts—trees forty and fifty feet high shading the roads; apples, standard pears, grapes, and a great variety of other fruits in bearing, and a multitude of pleasant and prosperous homes and farmsteads, where, nine years ago, one rode fifty or a hundred miles without seeing a tree or a house." As a record of most extraordinary growth and prosperity the book would have its value, but it is something more. Maps, illustrations and statistics, with "detailed accounts of the culture of the wine and raisin grape, the orange, lemon, olive and other semi-tropical fruits, colony settlements, methods of irrigation, and so forth," make it invaluable to either traveler or settler, the author's well-

known accuracy making his statements accepted with the comfortable certainty that here is something which will neither disappoint nor deceive.

"GRAYBEARD'S COLORADO; OR, NOTES ON THE CENTENNIAL STATE," by John Franklin Graff, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 75 cents, is a compilation of letters by this well-known newspaper correspondent, well deserving the permanent form now given, the letters, while chatty, being full of valuable information. The book is made up with the elegance which characterizes the work of this house.

FROM the same publishers, price \$1.25, comes an "Astronomy for Schools and General Readers," by Professor Isaac Sharpless and Professor D. M. Phillips, so simply, yet attractively written, as to be one of the best of recent manuals on this subject. While by no means taking the place of larger treatises on the subject, it lays a firm foundation for more extended work, or, where this is impossible, insures an intelligent understanding of the essentials of a subject which should receive more attention than we are inclined to give it.

"LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS," to be used in place of the ordinary reading-book, have proved so complete a success that the series has added to it a set of "Prescott Leaflets," compiled by Josephine E. Hodgson. J. B. Lippincott & Co.; 50 cents. They are preceded by a short sketch of the historian's life, and the selection is marked by excellent taste and judgment.

IF reading and writing books and primers on health were indications of the true state of the case, we should be one of the soundest nations on earth. As it is, it is somewhat an open question whether the agitation comes because of a lost possession or simply because, having had hints of probable loss, we are using the ounce of prevention and taking all means to discover where our danger lies. The latter is the more reasonable belief, and certainly the future invalid will have small excuse for want of knowledge. One of the most useful of hand-books is "Hints and Remedies for the Treatment of Common Accidents and Diseases," by Dawson W. Turner. Macmillan & Co., 50c. Nothing better of the kind has ever been done. The directions are clear and explicit, and include also rules of simple hygiene, the whole being a compact and invaluable family hand-book.

OF a more special nature, but equally admirable for simplicity and directness, are three of the "American Health Primers," from P. Blakiston & Son, Philadelphia. Paper, 30c.; cloth, 50c. "Brain Work and Overwork," by Professor H. C. Wood; "The Summer and its Diseases," by Dr. James C. Wilson, and "Sea Air and Sea Bathing," by Dr. John H. Packard. The first bears most directly upon our American Weakness, and is full of wise suggestions and directions so attractively put that one wishes the writer had not been limited to a "primer."

IT is more than a year since publishers all over the English-speaking world were fairly taken off their feet by the popular demand for the "Revised Version." Ever since that memorable 17th of May newer and more or less improved editions have issued from the press, and still the demand is unsatisfied. If popularity is to be accepted as a proof of divine inspiration the skeptics have no ground left to stand upon. The latest addition to the list comes in the shape of a very handsome volume from Harper & Brothers, comprising the revised English text and the most carefully-edited Greek text in existence, that of Drs. Westcott and Hort, of Cambridge, England. The Greek and English pages are printed so as to face each other—parallel passages being opposite so far as practicable, while concise marginal notes give the different readings of the various manuscripts. Dr. Phillip Schaff, president of the American Revision Committee, prefaces the work with a scholarly introduction, reviewing the sources whence are derived the most trustworthy manuscripts, and sketching the most interesting and important points of Scripture history. In mechanical execution the book is every way admirable for the use of students.

FROM the same publishers comes "Victor Hugo and His Time," by Alfred Barbou, translated by Ellen E. Fraver. It is a book made chiefly by scissoring, profusely illustrated with drawings of every grade of merit, and many very inferior to the Harpers' usual standard. As a lively history of both the time and the man who, genius as he is, never misses an opportunity of posing dramatically for the admiration of mankind in general, there is room for the book, but a stronger and more critical judgment is required for any final estimate.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

"A REVEREND IDOL" is the marked success of the summer, having gone into its seventh edition.

THE untiring and brilliant Mr. Robert Buchanan is busily engaged on another novel, to be called "The Lovers of Glen Uribal."

GARIBALDI'S novel, "The Rule of the Monk," has been issued in sixpenny form by the London house of Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

A SANSKRIT grammar in twelve volumes is to be the light reading for Calcuttians when Mr. Anondoram Booroah, the author, has completed it.

EMILIO CASTELAR, of whom for a long time nothing has been heard, is publishing a novel in serial form in an Italian newspaper, under the title of "Fra Filippo Lippi."

A BOOK of great interest is announced by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, on "The Military Telegraph during the Civil War in the United States," by Mr. W. R. Plum.

"CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER," by Miss Kate Field, will be the next volume in the American Actor Series, made up in part of personal reminiscences and in part of a study of his powers.

J. R. OSGOOD & Co. are to publish in December the entire correspondence of Emerson with Carlyle, covering the period from 1834 to 1872. The work will be edited by Charles Elliot Norton.

AND now it is said that Mr. Luigi Monti, who will be remembered as one of the characters in "The Wayside Inn," is the author of "Leone," the weakest issue in the "Round Robin" series.

ONE of the most beautiful gift books of the holidays will be a memorial edition, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of E. H. Arr's "New England Bygones," which is illustrated by some of the most distinguished draughtsmen in the country.

THE fourteenth volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is especially rich in a high order of critical work. "Keats" and "Landor" are treated by A. C. Swinburne; "La Fontaine," by Mr. George Saintsbury; "Lessing" by Mr. James Sime, and "Longfellow," by Mr. Thomas Davidson.

FOLK LORE is to have another addition in a volume of Roumanian fairy tales, under the title of "*Povești Peleșului*" (Tales of Pelesh). The author is Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who, as "Carmen Sylva," has already earned a reputation for brilliant work. She has lately been elected a member of the Roumanian Academy of Sciences, and will prepare and read the usual essay when the official reception takes place.

MARKED attention is given just now in Germany to a book entitled "Under the Sceptre of a Guelph." The author's name purports to be Borchers, and there is some very curious information in regard to King George's "black cabinet." It tells also of the discovery by a post-office employé of a method by which he could in a short time make a fac-simile of any letter-seal. King George immediately "ordered that this discovery should be made use of in his behalf." The correspondence of such of his subjects as came under suspicion was thus open to him, was copied and then sent on. It is this royal thief whose treatment of the Göttingen professors was the scandal of the time.

THE "Recollections" of Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay, lately published by Blackwood, contain a pleasant memory of an acquaintance with Bayard Taylor. "I complimented him," he says, "upon the excellent manner in which he spoke English, which was surprising for a foreigner. 'But I am not a foreigner,' he said. 'Well, a German, then.' 'But I am not a German.' I tried various other nationalities, but without success, when he said, 'Is there no other nation but that small island of yours that talks English?' I said, 'How stupid of me! Of course you are an American, and Bayard Taylor,' to which he confessed. The purity with which he spoke English and the careful grammatical construction of his sentences, along with the total absence of any accent, led me at first to think that he was neither English nor American. He was a most charming companion. I never met a man with more versatile talent or greater powers of fascination. As a conversationalist I should say he was almost unrivaled. His powers of memory were also prodigious. He used often to recite to us whole poems in the Norse language.

With every dialect he seemed to be familiar—in German especially so. At the Vienna Exhibition he spoke for an hour or so in that language on some public occasion."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HELEN CAMPBELL, EDITOR.

Mothers and Daughters.

EVENING classes for women and girls anxious for self-improvement, yet too busily occupied during the day to seek it through the usual channels, have been for some years part of the work of the New Century Club of Philadelphia, an organization which has sounded no trumpets, but has done steady and untiring work toward the real advancement of women since the hour of its inception.

To one of the chief workers in this direction came a year ago the thought of a course of evening lessons on the physiology and hygiene of daily life, so simply put as to be perfectly intelligible to working-women, yet given by the best medical authorities. There resulted finally lectures on not only these topics, but on nursing, the care of a child from its birth on, and the necessary action in case of sudden illness or accident. The hall, the entrance fee to which was fixed at five cents, was filled with working-women of all grades of intelligence, who listened with an almost pitiful intensity to directions no human being had ever thought it necessary or expedient to give them. Manikins and various other modes of illustration were freely used, and, as the audience passed out from the lecture on the care of a baby, one sad-eyed little woman said: "Ah, if there'd been anybody to tell me a quarter of what I've heard to-night I wouldn't be goin' home to an empty house."

Naturally, the question comes up, "Why was she not taught?" and, as naturally, the answer is, "Because, at home or at school, one may learn anything save the one thing that is of most vital importance in every year a woman has to live." The old idea, born of the ignorance and asceticism of the dark ages, that the body is a vile and dishonorable possession, still dominates. No light of this nineteenth century has been strong enough to dispel this shadow of the past. Even where the rights of the body are admitted and gymnastics in-doors and exercise without are expounded as essential, it is only in rarest cases that the facts that underlie all health or progress are made plain.

Many a girl low at last in a dishonored grave has been the text for sermons on parental government and influence, but how many have even hinted that the teaching the sacredness of her own body might have hindered the tragedy? Ignorance is not innocence. The child whose knowledge of natural phases in the life of the body comes from servants or is perchance acquired through some chance encounter of the streets, has lost something that no after-effort can replace. It is the mother's right—it should be the mother's deep desire—to save her child from such catastrophe, and, until all mothers accept this as part of their sacred trust, such cases will still be, wherever unscrupulous, unregulated passion finds ignorance its ready prey.

Books on these questions have been, as a whole, for many years of two types—those intended for medical studies and too technical for ordinary use, and those written by mere quacks and charlatans. The mother who most desired something which should give all necessary facts clearly and simply has found its attainment hopeless until within a few years. In "What Our Girls Ought to Know," Mary Studley, for years before her death an honored physician at Framingham, Mass., did the work as all had failed to do before, and made a book, attractive in style, scientific and clear in statement, and covering the ground so perfectly that slight improvement can be suggested. Exercise, food, methods in study, every point in the girl's life, from infancy to marriage, has full presentation, the deep and delicate womanliness of the book being its highest charm.

Marion Harland has gone over the same ground in her recent book, "Eve's Daughters," more diffuse than Dr. Studley's, but of much the same spirit, and a still more recent one, "For Girls. A Special Physiology, being a Supplement to the Study of General Physiology," by Mrs. E. R. Shepperd, illustrated, published by Fowler & Wells, New York, is, though inaccurate in some points, of much value, being intended to be used either by teachers in special classes or for reading after a course of the ordinary school physiology. The mother who desires better knowledge, whether for herself or her daughter, and who has neither time nor oppor-

tunity for more extended study, will find, in either of these books, a friend whose presence is indispensable, and whose teachings mean better life, not only for this generation, but for all that are to come.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR EDITOR: I took up the first number of *OUR CONTINENT* to-day and read again the Household article. It asks for "any item of experience which has been the solution of a difficulty." As the busy mistress of a large family, whose aim must be "not expansion of labor, but condensation," I try many little short cuts through the day's routine, and one of them is to keep a small five-cent folding slate, with pencil attached, hanging under the clock-shelf in the kitchen, by a string long enough to allow the slate to be held in the hand while writing without removing from the hook. On the first page I make a list each morning of little matters that must be attended to by my forgetful servants, outside of the regular day's duties. Yesterday's list was as follows:

Refrigerator.
Hall carpet.
Mary's dress.
Guest chamber.

This means that I had found the refrigerator in disorder by reason of careless wiping up of spilled custard, and it therefore could not wait till the regular day came for its scalding. The hall carpet had not been properly tacked at the foot of the stairs when relaid the day before. Mary's dress needed pressing. The guest chamber must be supplied with fresh water and towels just before tea-time, as finishing touches of its preparation for a friend who was to spend the night.

These were all little things, not one requiring more than ten or fifteen minutes' time, but until I adopted this plan I could never have been sure they were done without personal supervision. My servant is good-natured and willing, though so forgetful, and is herself as pleased and relieved as her mistress to find this little list such a success.

Of course, with a girl who could not read, or who was scornful of new ways, it would not work. Other pages of the slate are used for lists of things that must be done soon, whenever opportunity offers, but are not necessary to-day, or for articles that are needed in the store-room. To this latter list the girl herself makes additions as she finds stores running low.

Another help I find in keeping two or three needles always threaded with black silk and with coarse and fine white cotton, on a convenient cushion. It is often but a moment's work to sew on a button or stop a rip when the materials are thus ready at hand, when there would not be time to take a needle from the needle-book, search out the spool, thread the needle and tie the knot.

Can you condense all this into a useful hint to your readers?

Faithfully yours,

L. B. H.

MIGMA.

MR. CHARLES F. RICHARDSON, editor of the bright little paper, *Good Literature*, which began with and finally succeeded the *Library Magazine*, has accepted the professorship of English Literature at Dartmouth College, and will enter upon his duties early in the Fall.

THE type-setters who have had to deal with Captain Fred Burnaby's manuscript have been driven nearly beside themselves. Being six feet four inches tall, to stoop over an ordinary writing-table is impossible for any length of time. He therefore writes on the side of an old portmanteau placed on his knee, using pen, pencil or wooden stylus, as the mood inclines, and a variety of inks, each one worse than the last, sometimes employing all three methods on the same page.

A PHILADELPHIA physician, whose name is not given, but whose standing is guaranteed by the *Press*, is making preparations for war upon all rascally druggists. He has collected a mass of evidence as to their continuous frauds in changing the ingredients of prescriptions and altering their proportions in order to make their own profits larger; and this evidence will be submitted to the next meeting of the County Medical Society, which is expected to take some decisive action.

LUDWIG, of Bavaria, has distinguished himself by another piece of eccentricity. It was announced that he would leave Castle Berg on July 26, at 2 P. M., in order to attend the performance of "Parsifal," at Bayreuth. Dreading the hated public demonstration, he stole away, July 25, at three in the morning, and instead of going direct to his destination stopped in a field at a long distance from the town, and walked "across lots" to his lodge, fitly called "The Hermitage."

FOUR large rooms in his Washington house are devoted by Mr. Bancroft to books and literary work. Twelve thousand volumes fill the book-shelves, and the large tables in each room are heaped high with manuscripts and pamphlets. A secretary and several copyists work under his direction, the morning being given to the closest application. The old historian's chief relaxation is in

horseback riding, which he enjoys every afternoon, his slender, erect figure being one of the standard sights "on the avenue."

THE following letter, sent by Canon Farrar, in reply to Mr. Puleston's request for the manuscript of his sermon preached at the unveiling of the Raleigh Window, will interest not only the contributors, but also the many who have seen its reproduction in *OUR CONTINENT*. Mr. Puleston was for some years a journalist in this country, and, in the midst of his active duty as member of Parliament, retains the most cordial interest in America and Americans:

"17 DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER.

"DEAR MR. PULESTON: In accordance with the request you kindly made to me on behalf of some of the congregation, I place in your hands the manuscript of my sermon.

"I am thus enabled not only to express my gratitude for the gift of the window to many who were not present when it was unveiled, but also to place on record my special acknowledgments to the kindness of J. T. Lord, Esq., to whose public-spirited exertions the successful carrying out of the design is almost exclusively due; to the Hon. Robert Winthrop, and to other distinguished American gentlemen, who have taken an interest in this memorial. I trust that many an American visitor to London will feel some pleasure when he sees the arms of the United States emblazoned on the windows of an English church. I cannot be mistaken in the conviction that incidents like this will have their little share in linking together the amity of nations—TWO, YET ONE—upon whose union and faithfulness depends, in no small measure, the welfare of all the world.

"I am, sincerely yours,

"FREDERICK W. FARRAR."

ONE of the most amusing of stories is told by Maxime du Camp, somewhat at the expense of certain famous artists who met once at a Palais Royal Reception:

"I was talking with Jadin, Delacroix and Horace Vernet, the latter of whom had on all his decorations. Discussing Ingres, Delacroix happened to remark: 'In spite of his defects we must admit that Ingres possesses many qualities that go to form the painter.' Cried Vernet: 'Qualities of a painter? Why, he is the greatest painter of the age!' 'What do you find so remarkable in him?' asked the other; 'his drawing?' 'No. He draws like a chimney sweep.' 'His coloring?' 'All his pictures look like brown bread.' 'His composition?' 'Why, he never could make his figures natural.' 'His imagination?' 'You must be mad!' Delacroix laughed, and observed: 'But if he has no special quality at all, how can he be the greatest painter of the age?' Vernet looked confused and stammered: 'I don't know; but he is our only great painter.' We had some difficulty in preserving our gravity. Vernet noticed it, and taking my arm strolled away. 'I almost pity Delacroix,' he said, 'who can't put a man like a human being on canvas, and gives his cows horses' feet, yet denies Ingres' talent. It is all jealousy. I am not like that. My keenest pleasure is in recognizing the merits of others.' At this moment Vernet left me, and I rejoined Delacroix, who was saying to Jadin: 'Poor Vernet thinks he can paint!' Jadin did not reply, and seemed to be looking for somebody in the crowd. 'Whom do you want to find?' asked Delacroix. 'M. Ingres,' answered Jadin. 'I wanted to ask him what he thought about you.'"

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

August 11.—Turkish official denunciation of Arabi by name turns out to have been provisional. Referred to an alleged disobedient subject, not to "Arabi, the defender of the faithful." Nice point of law this for Lord Dufferin to settle!—International guard proposed for the Suez Canal. M. De Lesseps protests against any interference whatever with his pet canal. Says he will die before he will allow it.—Guatemala and Mexico decide to refer boundary questions to the President of the United States.—Railroad accident near Ticonderoga, N. Y. Engineer killed and several other persons wounded.—Crops in Ontario damaged by recent storms.

August 12.—Germany and Austria have decided not to interfere in the Egyptian business.—Wreck announced of Italian Antarctic expedition, under Lieutenant Bove, off Cape Horn.—Scots' Fusilier Guards land at Alexandria, one of the

crack British regiments.—General Warren buried at Newport, R. I.—Bishop Laféche, R. C., of Montreal, issues a manifesto against the modern fashions in coiffure.—President Arthur lands at New York from United States steamship *Despatch*, on which he journeyed from Washington under a special Presidential naval flag, now used for the first time.

August 13.—In an interview with the *Herald* correspondent, the Sultan expresses himself rather freely on British "interference" in Egypt and the cruelty of the bombardment.—Small skirmish near Alexandria.—Stringent precautions against riot taken in Ireland during the O'Connell commemorative exercises.—Discontented Irish constables receive £180,000.—Yellow fever in Texas and Mexico.—Court-house in Missouri burned to the ground with all the records. Probable cause, a cigar stump thrown into a waste-basket.—Another steamboat collision in New York Harbor, *Sylvan Dell* and *Sirius*. The former slightly injured.—Death of T. H. Smith, the Harvard student, who was shot by a policeman in July.—Typhoid fever causes a panic among summer boarders at Seabright, N. J.—Asylum for the insane at Lancaster, Pa., burned. Inmates rescued.

August 14.—Trouble in Afghanistan between two local potentates.—Resident Christians threatened in Syria.—Several Irishmen sentenced to penal servitude for participation in agrarian outrages.—Cetywayo had an interview with the Queen.—Incendiary fires in Mankato, Kansas.—John F. McCurtin elected Principal Chief of the Choctaw nation.—Death of Jesse Hoyt, an old and prominent New York merchant.—Flour mills burned at Akron, Ohio, and Winfield, Kansas.—Two murderers lynched in Alabama because they were granted a new trial.—Lighting a fire with kerosene caused the death of a girl at Barnesville, Md. Her brother also burned, probably fatally.

August 15.—General Sir Garnet Wolseley arrives at Alexandria and the Sultan orders Arabi to lay down his arms.—O'Connell statue unveiled in Dublin in the presence of a great crowd. No disturbance.—Prince of Wales slightly ill.—Cetywayo to be restored to his Zulu kingdom.—Memory of Jesse James revived by \$20,000 bank robbery at Kewanee, Ill. Cashier and clerk knocked down.—Tornado at Bangor, Me.—Governor Sprague's famous estate at Cananohet sold at auction. Sale resisted by Governor Sprague and son.—Vermont Greenback Convention nominates C. C. Martin for Governor.—Several boarding-houses burned at Rye Beach.—Wife shot and instantly killed by her husband. He did not know the revolver which he playfully pointed at her was loaded.—Death of General James H. Ledlie.

August 16.—Great excitement in Dublin. E. D. Gray, M. P., and proprietor of *The Freeman's Journal*, arrested and sent to jail for contempt of court. Contempt consisted in publishing a letter which stated that the jurymen in a recent murder trial were drunk on the night preceding the verdict.—Turkey refuses to sign the military convention proposed by England.—General Wolseley issues a proclamation to the Egyptians inviting them to abandon Arabi.—Yellow fever very bad at Brownsville, Texas.—Many Congressional nominations made.—Democratic State Congress of Iowa meets at Marshalltown and nominates State ticket.—Death at Atlanta, Ga., of United States Senator B. H. Hill, of Georgia; also, in Paris, of Regis Gignoux, the landscape artist.

August 17.—Telegraphed that General Wolseley will open his campaign from Aboukir on Sunday. Re-cabled to Arabi, of course.—Attention of Parliament called to the situation in Dublin.—Mr. Gray sentenced to three months' imprisonment.—Excitement continues, but Parliament adjourns till October 24.—Insurrection announced in Corea. King and Queen assassinated. Probable complications with Japan.—The Cree Indians of Canada object to railroads and threaten to make trouble.—Masked burglars enter a house at Amsterdam, N. Y., and carry off \$158,000 in securities and money.—Large fire in Strawberry Street, Philadelphia.—Secretary Chandler inspects League Island Navy Yard and the unfinished ironclads along the Delaware.—Deaths.—The French General Ducrot and the Right Rev. James Merriam, D. D., Bishop of South Africa.

August 18.—British troops sail from Alexandria under sealed orders.—Russia suspected of designs on Asia Minor.

—Potato bug determined to establish a colony in Great Britain. Five specimens caught in Liverpool, executed and sent to London for preservation.—Murder of a farmer and his family in Ireland. All quiet politically.—Rifle team for the international contest selected at Creedmoor, with Colonel Bodine for captain.—General Butler nominated for Governor by Massachusetts Greenbackers.—Death of Frederiek De Peyster, president of the New York Historical Society; aged 86.

Scientific.—A revised catalogue of the birds of Burmah is soon to be issued by Mr. Eugene Oates, who has been collecting in Pegu for the last fourteen years and is now in England.—A scientific mission has been sent from Algiers to France to study the means of destroying the phylloxera, as there are apprehensions that the pest may cross the Mediterranean.—It has been found by M. Calletet that *essence* makes the best lubricant where there is any liability to the presence of mercury, as most ordinary oils and fatty matters clog with finely divided mercury and are objectionable on this account.—The "Mineral Statistics of Victoria" give the amount of gold raised in 1881 as 858,850 ounces, 29,729 ounces more than in 1880. The deepest shaft in the colony is the Magdala, at Stawell, which is 2400 feet deep.—A new pump for compressing gases to a high degree has just been invented by M. Calletet. Heretofore there has been a useless space between the end of the piston plunger and the valve, which closes the end of the cylinder. This is obviated by inverting the cylinder and covering the end with a quantity of mercury. A liquid piston is thus formed which can adapt itself to every inequality of form of the interior space, and which sweeps up every portion of the gas, pressing it up a conical passage into the valve.—African exploration is to be taken up at the point where Livingstone laid it down, by Lieutenant Giraud, who has sailed from Marseilles to Zanzibar as the leader of a French expedition. His probable route will be by the north shore of Lake Nyassa to the Chambese River; thence to its outlet in Lake Bangweolo, which he proposes to circumnavigate. He proposes then to go in canoes down the Luababa-Congo, to its mouth in the Atlantic Ocean—an ambitious programme interesting to all geographers.—At the raising of the vessel *La Provence*, sunk in the Bosphorus, the telephone was added to the ordinary equipment of the diver. One of the glasses of the helmet was replaced by a copper plate in which a telephone was inserted, and the diver had only to turn his head slightly in order to report what he had seen or to receive instructions.

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THE SHOOTING SEASON.

George.—"Arabella, dear, I am thinking of going to the country for a day's shooting."

Arabella.—"Why, all right, of course, but—George—you must not take your gun—there are so many accidents, you know."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Triollet-Duet.

CRITIC (*loquitor, critically*):

"The sketches are fair,
But they might have been better."

ARTIST (*loquitor, a trifling piqué*):

"You are frank, I declare."

CRITIC (*patronisingly*):

"The sketches are fair."

ARTIST (*sarcastically*):

"Your encouraging air
Makes me really your debtor."

CRITIC (*wishing to pour oil on the troubled waters and yet maintain his original position*):

"The sketches are fair,
Still they might have been better."

(Exit Critic. Quick curtain.)

H. C. FAULKNER.

An Austin wagon dealer sold a wagon to a granger living on Onion creek, more than five years ago, and has not got his money yet. A few days ago the countryman came to town in that very wagon, and the wagon man dunned him for the

amount, saying: "You have had that wagon so long that it is nearly worn out, and you have not paid for it yet." "Yes that is so," retorted the countryman scornfully, "and here you come and want me to pay as much for a worn-out old wagon that has been in use for five years as you asked for it when it was new. Well, you have got cheek!"—*Texas Siftings*.

A workman who bought a book showing how to live on fifteen-cent dinners and followed its advice until he got so weak from the diet that he lost his place, and is still out of work, has sued the author of the book for damages. If this thing keeps on, book-writers will have to cultivate that habitual regard for the truth which distinguishes newspaper paragraphers.—*Philadelphia News*.

An old traveler fell dead in a Pullman car the other day. Only a few minutes before, he had asked the porter for a glass of water. The porter brought it, but did not even hint that he expected a fee, but on the contrary acted as if he had been paid by the company to make people comfortable. It is supposed that the old traveler died from the shock.—*Philadelphia News*.

An Arkansas editor, in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper, but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is abler than we are financially to handle it. This gentleman is well known in this community. He is the sheriff."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

An alderman pays a reporter five dollars to write him a speech favoring the erection

of a new school-house, but after delivering eight cents' worth of the oration he is informed that there is no question before the meeting, and he falls back and breaks a pair of suspenders worth thirty-five cents. How much is the great man out of pocket?—*Detroit Free Press*.

A young Englishman visited West Point recently, and, in company with a well-known officer there, admired the glorious sunset. "Isn't it magnificent?" exclaimed the West Pointer. "Yaas, it's very nice, you know," responded Johnnie Bull, "but don't you think it's rawther tawdry, you know?"—*New York Commercial*.

"Have you resided long in this town?" asked a tourist of the oldest inhabitant. "Yes," he replied, "a long time. D'ye see that mountain over yonder? Well, that was there when I came here." The tourist traveled on.—*Exchange*.

It costs this government \$18,000 per year to fire sunset guns at various military posts, but we wouldn't have 'em stop it for anything. The sun doesn't know enough to sink out of sight without being shot at.—*Free Press*.

Motto for Star Route Speculators: Start a post-office and the town will start itself.